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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, for the past three years Assistant Editor of THE FORUM, left us for Boston, on February 1, to join the staff of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He has thus followed the footsteps of Walter Hines Page, who, after his brilliant journalistic achievement on THE FORUM, left in 1895 to go to *The Atlantic Monthly*. Like Page, Mr. Aswell is a Southerner; he was born in Nashville, Tennessee in 1900. At the age of nineteen Aswell left the South determined to earn enough money to put himself into college. In Chicago, working for three years in the office of a shoe factory, he acquired a hard experience in realism which gave him a practical background for his career in journalism.

IN 1922 Aswell entered Harvard, where he continued to support himself, at the same time that he sharpened his pen and rooted his mind in the fundamentals of philosophy. He shook off completely the romantic Victorian impressions of boyhood and emerged into that confident rationalism which was later to clarify the pages of THE FORUM. When an upper classman he became Editorial Chairman of *The Crimson*. As Chairman of The Student Council Committee on Education, he submitted a proposal to sub-divide the college into smaller units. This "Harvard House Plan," which first took definite form under Aswell's committee, is now rendered practicable by the magnificent generosity of Mr. Harkness. Two of the new "houses" are already in operation and the social life of the entire college is being reorganized.

HIS DISTINCTION at Harvard indicated to Aswell the choice of two careers, education and journalism. In the spring of 1926 THE FORUM offered a post to the senior editors of the college dailies of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, and the position was won by Aswell. One of the duties of the Assistant Editor of THE FORUM is to design the type page in each issue and follow it through the press. Those readers who have time not only to

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FORUM

Next Month

THE AMERICAN LEGION IN POLITICS

Marcus Duffield

In passing the recent bonus bill over the President's veto, Congress realized that it was jabbing the taxpayer in his weakest spot and deliberately defying the important moneyed interests who are usually credited with more than their share of influence. What was the power — stronger than the taxpayers, the bankers, and the President combined — which railroaded through Congress a measure that may cost the country a billion dollars? How much further will it go? Mr. Duffield reveals in detail the methods of the American Legion lobby, the most powerful and best organized in the country, and shows what a menace it has become.

PROPHETS NOT WITHOUT HONOR

Edward Angly

Two years ago our captains of industry were predicting a star-spangled future for everybody and everything. How would those prophecies sound if they were uttered to-day? Here they are in black and white — an enlightening list of words to be eaten. The business oracles are warming up again, but can we be expected to listen to them?

GOOD OLD 1913

Elmer Davis

Reminiscences of a golden age, by one who remembers when tango teas were the rage and the cover charge had not been invented, when war was impossible and nothing really disastrous could ever happen again.

THE RIGHT TO A CAR

Rodney Gilbert

While we are howling about the evils of liquor our good citizens go quietly about slaughtering 32,500 people a year in motor accidents. Mr. Gilbert questions that the invention of the automobile has ever done us as much good as it has harm.

DIGGING OUR GRAVES WITH OUR TEETH

Louis I. Dublin

What you should weigh — and what will happen if you don't. The country has been flooded with misinformation on this subject; here are the facts, derived from an investigation conducted by one of the largest life insurance companies.

YOURS FOR A QUICK RISE

Robert B. Parker, Jr.

The hilarious adventures of a forward-looking plumber who heeded too often the siren song of the bond salesman: "Sucker, Come Back to Me!"

WHY INDIA FOLLOWS GANDHI

H. N. Brailsford

At last the British government in India seems to have come to terms with the followers of Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. Brailsford in this article traces the backgrounds of the various movements, all headed by Gandhi, which have kept India in turmoil so long.

FOREWORD

Continued

follow our controversial discussions but to appreciate the niceties of typography and illustration must thank Aswell for much of the conscientious beauty of our printed page. THE FORUM type page had developed an individuality of artistic tradition from 1923 to 1928. In the January issue of 1929 the Editor invited Mr. Heyworth Campbell to take the next step in our typographical history. Mr. Campbell laid out THE FORUM in its present larger format, in a bold type adapted from English fonts of the seventeenth century. He also defined the principle of restrained use of color, with occasional illustrations likewise subordinated to the text, and symbolic and interpretative rather than descriptive. During the past two years Mr. Aswell has competently carried out that typographical program.

AS ASSISTANT EDITOR Aswell has combined clarity and precision in judgment and in style with resourcefulness in ideas. A negative decision with him is but the preface to a new suggestion. He has aided materially in sharpening that peculiar instrument of journalism preempted by THE FORUM, the investigation of the basic problems that trouble the average man in the modern world by that method of give-and-take which editorially we call "controversy." By four journalistic devices — articles of attack, answer, and countercharge; debates; Socratic dialogues; and letters to *Our Rostrum* — FORUM writers struggle to get closer to unattainable truths in the fogs of human error. Public appreciation of our program has resulted in a wide extension of these four FORUM devices in journalism by the press, over the radio, on the public lecture platform, and in the schools and colleges.

DURING his four years with THE FORUM, Mr. Aswell's cheerfulness and clear analysis of editorial problems have made association with him a pleasant experience for the Editor as well as for the younger men and women on our staff. His transfer to *The Atlantic Monthly* is a distinct loss to us and a gain for the *Atlantic*. We shall expect to see in our distinguished contemporary renewed vitality due to the influence of Mr. Aswell. We are sorry to lose him, but we shall keep the policy of THE FORUM unchanged. By the method of friendly controversy, by lively but authoritative articles probing beneath the surface of the daily news, we propose to make THE FORUM, even more in the future than in the past, a philosophical chart for the executive mind. THE FORUM is edited not for well-informed readers merely, nor for critical readers, but for readers who possess genuine "creative intelligence."

— HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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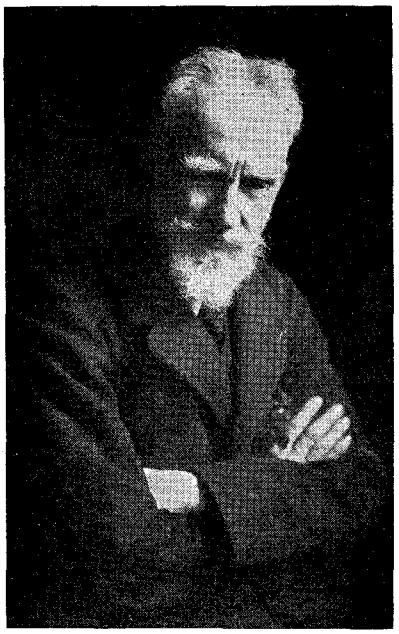

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

R. L. DUFFUS
GRANVILLE HICKS
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
RICHARD F. WARNER

A New Mythology

CORONADO'S CHILDREN: *Tales of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest*, by J. Frank Dobie; Southwest Press, $3.00.
Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS.

IF MR. DOBIE has anything to say about it — and in this book he says a good deal and says it in a fascinating manner — the open spaces are coming into their own again. One must not be misled by the title and subtitle of his latest book. Buried treasure is the cheese with which Mr. Dobie baits his mousetrap. He well knows that many travelers have passed across his beloved southwestern country, even across that remarkable section lying between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, in a condition of abject boredom, with nothing to look forward to except a slightly more receptive attitude on the part of the lady in the opposite section or, failing that, the first call to dinner.

Mr. Dobie loves his West. He loves its names — San Saba, Palo Duro, Guadalupe, the Lost Nigger Mine. He loves the look and smell and even the discomforts and dangers of it. He loves its characters, living and dead — Coronado, Bowie, Harp Perry, General John R. Baylor, the "high-handed, high-headed, and high-spirited," Peg Leg Tumlinson, who was "a big hombre" among the Mexicans, and Dee Davis, who was at once a scavenger and a golden dreamer. Mr. Dobie, it is said, looks as though he had just ridden out of the sage brush himself, and as though he were just as capable of spinning yarns to cowboys around a camp fire on the high mesa as he is of lecturing to students at the University of Texas. His friends know him as "Pancho." He was brought up in the country around which most of his tales center, he speaks its vernacular, and he knows its ways. He would not care for a million readers for his book if he believed they would one and all hit the trail for the Pecos valley or the Big Bend country. But he does want us to visit those enchanted regions in imagination. Therefore this book. He never dug up any buried treasure himself. He does not expect his readers to dig up any. But he thinks he may get us to trail along the Saba and up into the Wichitas and through the Guadalupes, and along the Nueces, and into that wild stretch of Mexico opposite Reagan's Canyon, and to a few other spots worth visiting if we entertain some hope of falling upon the Lost San Saba Mine, or the Lost Nigger Mine, or the treasure buried at the Rock Pens, or a few cartloads of gold and silver waiting the lost trump near Fort Sill.

These stories, as he says, are not of his making. "They belong to the soil and to the people of the soil. . . . They are an outgrowth; they embody the geniuses of divergent races and peoples who even while fiercely opposing each other blended their traditions. . . . The tales are just tales. As tales I have listened to them in camps under stars and on ranch galleries out in the brush. As tales, without any ethnological palaver, I have tried to set them down." One would miss the point altogether if one did not see that Mr. Dobie is as truly putting together a half-forgotten mythology as Homer was when he wrote the Iliad and Odyssey. He may not be doing it quite as well as Homer did, but he is making what may be described in these decadent times as a pretty good fist of it.

The mythology of the American Southwest, like that of Asia Minor in Homeric times, comes out of a mingling of diverse races — in the present case the Spaniard, the Indian, and the "American." The quest for buried treasure began when the aborigines told tall stories to the Spaniards about kings who dressed in gold, were lulled to sleep by golden bells, and ate out of golden vessels. These kings never turned up, though expeditions sought them earnestly. The legend then transferred itself to fabulous mines and, by way of small change, to money buried by robbers and those in fear of robbers in caverns, cracks in the rocks, streams, and holes in the ground. The treasure buriers were always extraordinarily careless. So were those who sought and sometimes even found their treasures. A fatality hung over them; or, as the Spaniards and Mexicans regarded matters, the places where treasures are buried are haunted.

But, on the whole, it is more interesting to have the Southwest still peppered with buried treasures and lost mines than to have it scientifically ransacked. The present situation gave Mr. Dobie an excuse for writing his book, which is as lovely a book as could be found for those who like hardship, danger, and out-of-door life — at least on the printed page — who can do without heroines for a few hundred pages, and who are fond of the picturesque, high-flavored western idiom which Mr. Dobie employs so admirably.

No Ivory Tower

AXEL'S CASTLE, by Edmund Wilson; Scribner, $2.50.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

I WISH I could say something that would recommend *Axel's Castle* to a large number of FORUM readers. Probably most professional students of contemporary literature and most amateur devotees of such writers as Proust and Joyce either have already read the essays it contains as they appeared in *The New Republic* or will hasten to read the book. But this is not only too small an audience; it is an audience too narrow and too inbred. Criticism in America is a kind of game, in playing which critics become better and better informed and more and more skilful — and less and less influential. I should like to see Wilson's book penetrate the areas of intelligence outside this erudite circle, not only because it might bring a new and valuable kind of experience to whoever read it, but also because criticism itself would be fructified by the establishment of closer relations with the main body of reflective readers.

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Books

But surely someone will object that, worthy as my intentions are, *Axel's Castle* is no book to make the entering wedge of such a campaign. "What have we to do," such a person might say, "with Yeats and Eliot, Joyce and Proust, Stein and Valery? We have heard of these writers, of course, and some of us have dipped into their work; but they are, we have been led to suppose, writers' writers, too difficult for us to understand and too remote from our lives for us to bother with. If you want us to read criticism, you must find critics who discuss the books we know something about."

I can think of at least three reasons why this objection is not valid. In the first place, the activity of Wilson's mind is the kind of activity that sharpens all a reader's sensibilities and intensifies all his literary experiences. You cannot follow Wilson's analysis, comprehend his distinctions, and share his quick appreciations, without thereafter bringing to all your reading a livelier and more perceptive mind. In the second place, Wilson removes the writers he has chosen to discuss from the realm of the occult and incomprehensible. Without discounting the actual difficulty of reading them, he makes it clear that they are not different in kind from other writers, that they are just as representative as Bernard Shaw and Sinclair Lewis, and that they have, contrary to the opinions of their more prostrate admirers, weaknesses — often the very points to which the average reader has objected — despite which, not because of which, they are significant. Finally, he shows that this symbolist literature, remote from contemporary life as it seems to be, is as much a product of that life as the naturalistic literature that it has partly supplanted. He reveals its philosophical implications and judges it in the light of social theories and aspirations. And by doing all this, he not only gives a more accurate impression of the Symbolists but also helps to create in the reader a sounder and more fruitful attitude toward literature in general.

Because even the intelligent public has preferred to read, say, Thornton Wilder and Ernest Hemingway, whereas the critic has found it more satisfactory to talk about T. S. Eliot and Marcel Proust, the gulf between public and critic has grown wider and wider. In a sense neither is to blame, but the critic is guilty insofar as he has exaggerated the abstruseness and difficulty of Eliot and Proust in order to draw prestige from his ability to understand them. Wilson, by being utterly incapable of such snobbishness, by bringing an alert and well-stored intellect to the discussion of six important writers, and by conducting his discussion on a level on which any disciplined mind should be able and certainly should desire to

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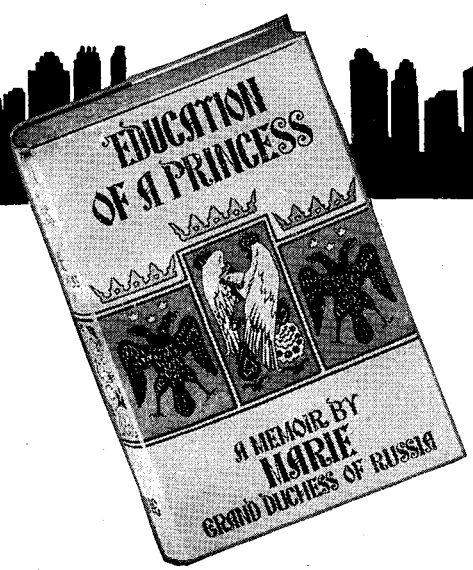

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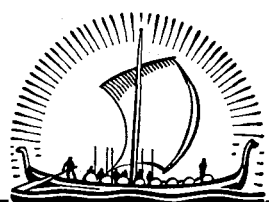

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Books

function, has gone a long way to bridge the gulf. The remainder of the task is up to the intelligent public. It would be willing, I think, to make the effort if it would expose itself to *Axel's Castle* and discover what an interesting task it really is.

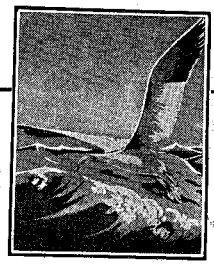
Soviet Portraits

THESE RUSSIANS, by William C. White; Scribner, $3.00.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

IN HIS LIVELY and impressionistic presentation of seventeen individuals with whom he came into more or less intimate contact during his stay in Soviet Russia, Mr. White expressly disclaims any traffic with statistics or generalizations. A revolution, he says, has whirled across the lives of one hundred and forty million; and for all the Communist emphasis on class aspects, it has affected them as individuals.

Yet, in spite of Mr. White's abstention from figures, one can play an interesting and perhaps an instructive statistical game with his book. Taking the seventeen representative individuals, from Marfousha, the Moscow housewife, down the table of contents to Gavril Borisovitch, the village judge, one can ask of each: is he or she happier under the Soviet regimen? With seven, the answer would be "Yes"; with eight, it would be "No." Two remain unclassified; for one of them, Zoya Kyrilovna, the Moscow typist, is a beautiful, rather scatterbrained child who would take no interest in social questions under any system, and who would get along anywhere equally well; while the other, Sonya Petrovna, has a complicated background that makes of her a special case — she derives satisfaction from her work as village doctor, yet she has seen her family eradicated by revolution in such a way that she cannot be a wholehearted Communist. The figures might suggest a generalization about human happiness of types under varying orders, but before making one it is well to pause and bethink oneself, for the same statistical game could be played with books like Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, Ben Hecht's *1001 Afternoons in Chicago*, George Milburn's recent *Oklahoma Town*, and the latest work of John Dos Passos. Comparing results, would the percentages favor the United States?

It would be useless to answer, for neither Russia nor America is going to stay put long enough to make a reply very profitable. Anyway, there is no question that the people of the United States are materially speaking, much better off (although this proves nothing in particular, for reasons of our fortunate situation). And there is equally no question



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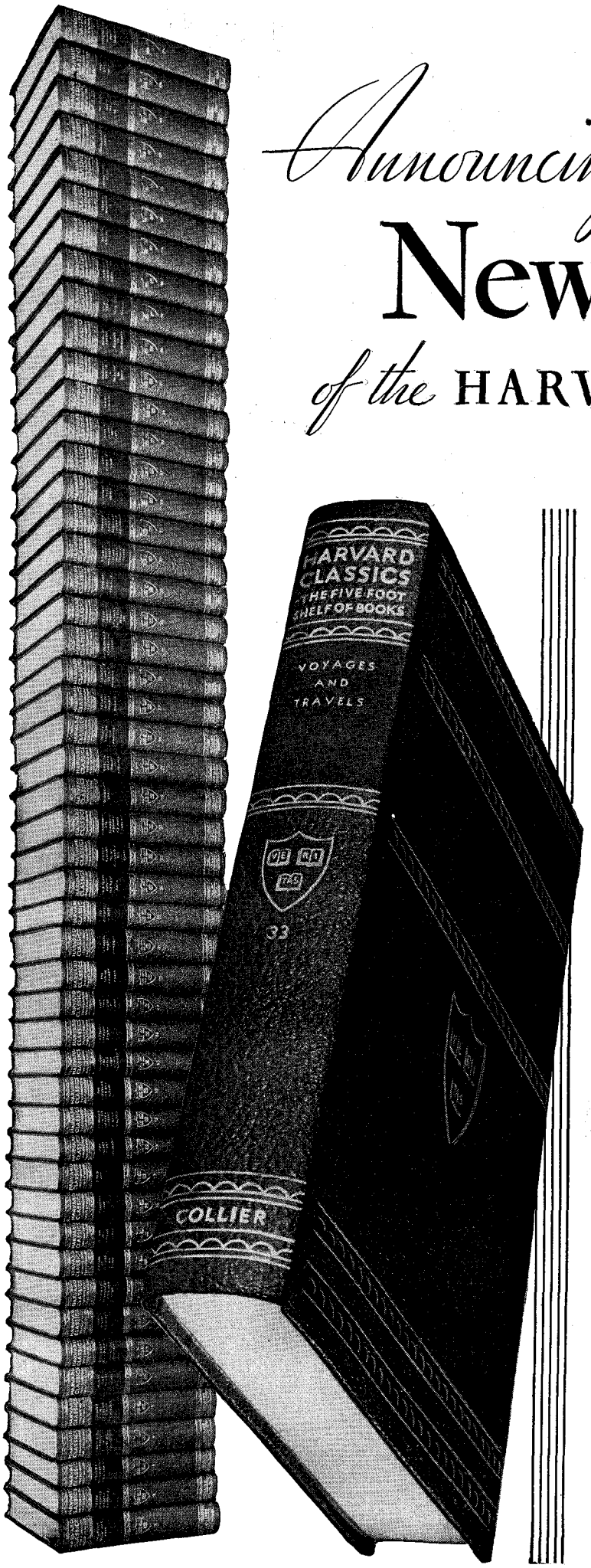

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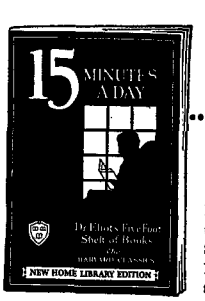

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Books

that, as Lewis Mumford is fond of pointing out, the Communists, in taking over materialist concepts of the ends of life, are repeating some of the worst mistakes of capitalism. Rather than use the material in Mr. White's book as basis for a judgment on the contrasted merits of Communism versus capitalism (as it will inevitably be used), would it not be more intelligent to abjure any such comparison in favor of measuring both types of civilization against the possibilities for one which will transcend the limitations of each? If such a suggestion sounds academic — or "unrealistic," as V. F. Calverton might complain — it is only because the Peace (which was not Woodrow Wilson's) has given us all a headache which has yet to vanish.

But Mr. White's book, if provocative of speculation, should not be treated solely as a springboard for a plunge into opinions. It is, first and last, excellent impressionistic journalism, as those who have read the six sections that have appeared in THE FORUM have reason to know. It does not, however, seem to be the bald truth, for the portraits are too clever, too artfully composed and enhanced, for that. Although it may be presumptuous in one who has never been to Russia to say so, it impresses us as first-rate quintessentializing — there is so much meat in each of Mr. White's portraits that one suspects them of being combinations of individuals rather than actual persons. All of which is perfectly permissible when one reflects that George F. Babbitt himself is a synthetic portrait.

Aside from the great human interest resident in Mr. White's sketches, one must say a word for his ingenuity in salting in his wide garner of factual information. He ranges from giving one a sense of the Ukraine in his story of the Red soldier to painting the racial and physical peculiarities of the Caucausus in his sketch of Akhmed, the Moslem innkeeper who passes himself off as a Communist. One could build up the entire housing situation in Moscow from conversations in his portraits of Marfousha and Zoya, and one could make out a no doubt passably accurate survey of the condition of the peasantry from the account of Vladimir Fomitch, the Kulak miller. And for contrasting dramatizations of dejection and élan, we refer the reader to the sketches of Vladimir Alexeitch, the professor (whose physics were suspected of bourgeois manipulation) and Adamova, the student. In these two persons the piteous plight of the "former people" and the sacrificial ardor of the Russia of the Young Communist's League are thrown into startling juxtaposition. Both of these pieces made their first appearance in the pages of THE FORUM, along with those on "The Village Priest" and others.

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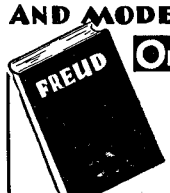

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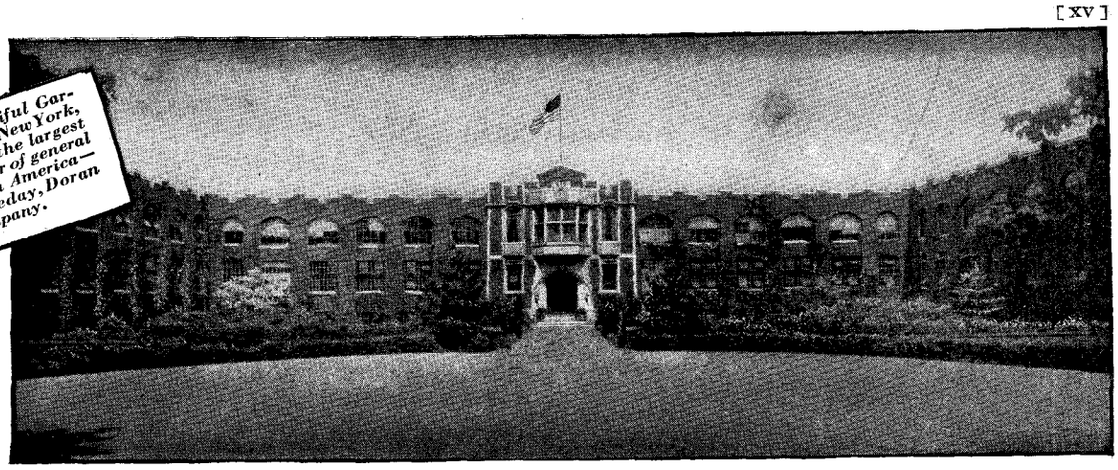

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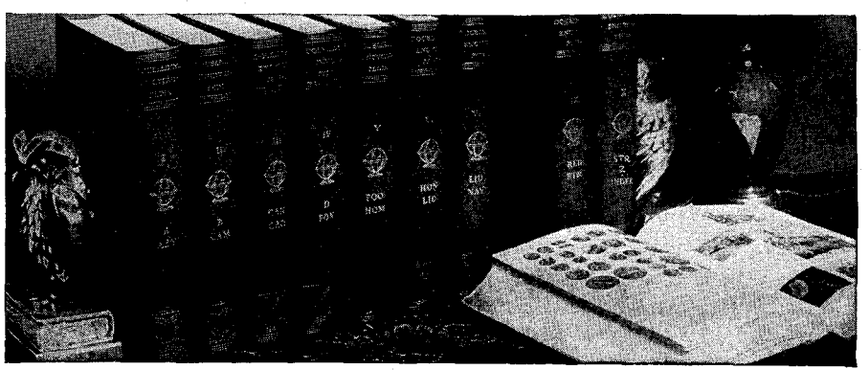

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ALTHOUGH he has abandoned almost entirely the tortuous, difficult style which alienated many who read *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, one wonders how palatable Mr. Faulkner's latest novel will be to the general public. Will that public be able to stomach a tale which deals wholly and horribly with vicious, sordid, degenerate evil? One hopes so, for *Sanctuary*, appalling as it is, is a work of unquestionable power, possibly even of genius. A seventeen-year old girl is taken by her drunken boy friend to the corrupt and crumbling house of a Tennessee moonshiner, a house whose loathsome atmosphere Mr. Faulkner makes startlingly vivid. Brawling follows, and murder, the abduction of the girl, her successful initiation into the blackest kind of sin. The plot is as intricate as that of a mystery story, and as skilfully carried through. It is not until the very end that one realizes the full hideousness of the book and of its chief character. Despite this hideousness, *Sanctuary* has a quality of terrible beauty which completely justifies it. From the point of view of style, organization, and emotional force, it is the best novel William Faulkner has written. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Faulkner will forget his preoccupation with human baseness, corruption, and abnormality. Whether he does or not, he is an extraordinary writer of extraordinary power and stature.

WIDE OPEN TOWN, by Myron Brinig; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

LAST SEASON Mr. Brinig disconcerted admirers of *Singermann* by producing a clever, inconsequential piece of frippery called *Anthony in the Nude*. Apparently that was an interlude which can happily be forgotten, for in *Wide Open Town* he has returned to Butte, Montana — which he calls Silver Bow — and has written another rich, exuberant novel that blends coarseness and sordidness with an extravagant lyricism. *Wide Open Town* is the story of John Donnelly, miner, who falls tempestuously in love with a prostitute from East Galena Street. It is also the story of his uncle, Roddy the town crier, a big lusty man with a big silver voice who, in his downfall, has the moving dignity of greatness. Really, however, it

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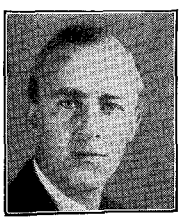

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Books in Brief

is the story of the copper city itself — of Silver Bow in the early years of the century, when it was a sprawling, riotous, colorful place, evil and beautiful, full of violent contrasts and violent life. The book lacks the astonishing skill and variety of characterization which distinguished *Singermann;* the separate stories in it are less firmly knit together; it sometimes runs wild and becomes a kind of Whitmanish chant in praise of America. It is, however, an extraordinary, if undisciplined, novel. Like Thomas Wolfe, Mr. Brinig has great power and great vitality. He is among our best young writers.

But It Still Goes On, by Robert Graves; Cape & Smith, $3.00.

THE TITLE of this curious miscellany would seem unnecessarily cryptic were not so many readers aware of Mr. Graves' previous obsequies for a dead world and a dead life. His new book, however, is a fragmentary appendix and not a sequel to his autobiography. It contains a postscript to *Goodbye to All That* — primarily in answer to his critics — a scrappy "Journal of Curiosities," three rather powerful short stories, a tortuous but arresting autobiography of deity, and a mordant, warped, violently melodramatic play which lends the book its name and which is somehow more impressive than by any reasonable canon it ought to be. In short, the only discoverable unity in the volume is the unity of Mr. Graves' personality — a brilliant, inventive, aggressively honest personality which can be annoying but not dull. It is a far less important and less substantial book than Mr. Graves' record of the war years, but it shares the same powerful qualities.

The Jealous Ghost, by L. A. G. Strong; Knopf, $2.50.

BY HIS OWN ardor for the West Highlands coast which he describes so exquisitely, Mr. Strong invests this leisurely tale with magic. At forty, John Carmichael Stewart journeys from America to the home of his ancestors and, nourished as he has been on his mother's memories, finds it eerily familiar. Drawn to the place by a kind of spiritual need, he spends a summer at Mhor with a family of vividly individual cousins, conjures up the ghost of a long dead ancestress and, it is hinted, is thwarted in his love for a little schoolgirl by that nebulously symbolic ghost. The ghost, incidentally, is irrelevant — a mistake. In building up the atmosphere and the deep-rooted spell of Mhor, Mr. Strong did not need supernatural aid. His beautiful descriptions suffice. They are better than anything else in the book — better even than the rather interesting group of people who drift together into a tranquil, lovely way of life and then, when the spell is broken, as casually drift apart. Though he has progressed since *Dewar's Ride*, Mr. Strong still creates atmosphere more successfully than he creates character. He has not quite found the novelist's secret.

I. Americans, by Salvador de Madariaga; Oxford University Press, $2.50.

IF WILL ROGERS, is our best American writer on foreign affairs, by the same count Señor Salvador de Madariaga, with his Castilian wit, strikes a high average whenever he criticizes international follies. *I. Americans* appears to be the first book of Señor Madariaga's Epistles to the Gringoes. By "Americans" he means not only citizens of the U. S. A., but all who feel the new world spirit and yet are loath to part with their pet tribal prejudices and cozy insularities. All but three of these epistles have appeared in the last three years in THE FORUM. Among them are such epigrammatic gems as "Bulls — Irish, Spanish, and Italian" and "Militant Pacifists."

Big Money, by P. G. Wodehouse; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

WE SINCERELY hope that the Wodehouse worshipers will not become too organized a cult, for experience has shown that ecstatic vehemence in behalf of some writers is somehow likely to decrease one's appreciation of them. Thus to many mutinous spirits Dorothy Parker and Frank Sullivan seem less funny now that the mere mention of their names necessitates screams of sympathetic laughter; S. S. Van Dine has become not quite so mysterious since he has been asterisked on most families' required reading lists; and the gargoyled rhymes of Ogden Nash are taking on an air of mediocrity which they never suffered when they were merely read and chuckled over rather than shouted from a thousand housetops and acclaimed "significant." All of which is an overly solemn, and we trust an unnecessary, prelude to a discussion of Mr. Wodehouse's latest chirrup, *Big Money*. His enthusiasts may come to protest too much, but the old, reliable pattern of his novels goes on, each new one being, oddly enough, just as delightful as the many which have gone before. In this exhibit we have the usual two mismated couples, the regulation tigerish aunt, and the stock brand of Wodehouse uncle; no butlers this trip, but you can't have everything. The whole mad tale sets a new Wodehouse high — but that high won't be permanent. It will probably be topped by the next offering from this never-disappointing clown whose smile, thank heaven, conceals no breaking heart.

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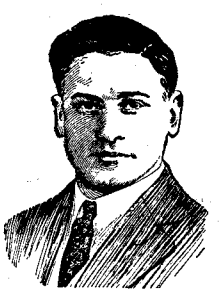

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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i. e., type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

IN THIS ISSUE of THE FORUM, Sherwood Anderson makes a plea for the country weekly. It's a good plea, too. There are a few editors of country newspapers who have succeeded in making themselves heard over a far wider area than that which their paper covers. Among such editors are William Allen White, Ed Howe, his son Gene Howe, and, of course, Mr. Anderson. The first references listed below pertain to the small town paper and its editor.

Personalities of the newspaper world to-day have a good deal of influence. Sports writers, political forecasters, and columnists all have their loyal followers. The second series of references gives data on some of the more important columnists. The third group deals with the special sources of news information, and the fourth has to do with a general survey of the modern newspaper.

A. THE SMALL TOWN EDITOR

The Country Weekly — Sherwood Anderson — FORUM, April 1931

Venture in Independence — C. C. Nicolet — *Outlook*, April 16, 1930

The Battle of Portland — Silas Bent — *New Republic*, March 20, 1929

The Country Editor Speaks — William A. White — *Nation*, June 12, 1929

William Allen White and the Evolution of the Emporia Gazette — A. W. Hinshaw — *World's Work*, August 1930

The Sage of Helium City — J. Beall, Jr. — *Outlook*, January 7, 1931

B. COLUMNISTS

1. Heywood Broun — *New York World*, *New York Telegram*, and *The Nation*

   Emotional Prodder — V. P. Ross — *Outlook*, December 30, 1929

   Socialist Pep for Congress — *Literary Digest*, September 6, 1930

   Comrade Broun — F. P. Adams — *Nation*, October 1, 1930

   Columnist Candidate — *Outlook*, August 13, 1930

2. Will Rogers — Syndicated

   World's Best Loser — *American Magazine*, September 1930

   Betty Holds the Reins — J. Beatty — *American Magazine*, October 1930

   Will Rogers at the Microphone — *World's Work*, June 1930

   With Rope and Gum, or Up from the Ranch — R. Lardner — *Collier's*, February 2, 1929

3. Don Marquis (retired) — *New York Sun* and *New York Tribune*

   Confessions of a Reformed Columnist — *Saturday Evening Post*, December 22 and December 29, 1928

   Who's Who and Why — *Saturday Evening Post*, November 9, 1929

4. Arthur Brisbane — Hearst Newspapers

   Master Thinker — V. P. Ross — *Outlook*, August 20, 1930

   Rev. Arthur Brisbane, D.D. — J. M. Gillis — *Catholic World*, May 1930

5. Walter Winchell — *Daily Mirror*

   For the Wife and Kiddies; interview — J. B. Kennedy — *Collier's*, October 5, 1929

   Town Gossip — H. Salpeter — *Outlook*, July 10, 1929

   Messrs. Hooper and Winchell — *Commonweal*, September 24, 1930

   Winchell of Broadway — C. W. Wilcox — *Scribner's*, February 1931

C. NEWS SYNDICATES

Funneling the European News — John Gunther — *Harper's*, April 1930

The Press To-day: The Associated Press — Oswald Garrison Villard — *Nation*, April 23, 1930 and April 16, 1930

Dispenser of News Wholesale — Walter Tittle — *World's Work*, June 1930

D. THE FOURTH ESTATE

To-morrow's Newspaper — William P. Beazell — *Atlantic Monthly*, July 1930

Newspaper Truth — Silas Bent — *Scribner's*, October 1930

Violations of Newspaper Codes — H. Hart, Susan M. Kingsbury, and Romayne Rowe — *New Republic*, October 29, 1930.

News and the Newspaper — Susan M. Kingsbury, Hornell Hart, and Anna Clark — *New Republic*, October 8 and October 15, 1930.

II

WE ARE so constantly reminded of the failures and successes of prohibition in this country that as a rule we take little interest in how other countries are handling their difficulties. The control of liquor is not a problem confined to America alone, although our experiment — it can no longer be called noble — has been the most prominent. Canada, Sweden, Great Britain, and others have their troubles and the following references will broaden your knowledge of the liquor conditions which obtain throughout the world.

A. PROHIBITION OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES

1. Sweden

   Liquor Control in Sweden — Ivan Bratt — FORUM, April 1931

   Bratt System — A. T. Helberg — *Outlook*, October 29, 1930

2. Canada

   Let No Man Therefore Judge You in Meat or in Drink — C. Darrow — *Collier's*, October 11, 1930

   Canada's Coöperation in Prohibition Enforcement — R. L. Jones — *Current History*, July 1930

   Canada's Way With Liquor — M. B. Bruere — *Woman's Journal*, October, 1930

   And the Drinking Was According to the Law — C. T. Wilson — *Collier's*, October 4, 1930

   Truth About Canada's Drink Plan — *Literary Digest*, May 10, 1930

   Lawful Liquor — C. T. Wilson and C. Darrow — *Collier's*, September 27, 1930

   Liquor Control in Ontario; Why the Former Premier is Not an Impartial Witness — *New Republic*, April 23, 1930

3. Belgium

   Belgium's Anti-liquor Laws — A. Racine — *Current History*, July, 1930

4. Great Britain

   Great Britain's Attitude on the Drink Problem — W. C. MacNead — *Current History*, August 1930

   England Going Sober — R. C. Dorr — *World's Work*, January 1930

   Licensing Reform; a New System — A. F. Part — *Nineteenth Century*, January 1930

5. Finland

   Prohibition in Finland — J. H. Wuorinen — *Current History*, January 1930

6. Switzerland

   Turning Off the Swiss Rum Spigot — *Literary Digest*, May 3, 1930

7. Ireland

   Potency of Poteen in Ireland — *Literary Digest*, February 22, 1930

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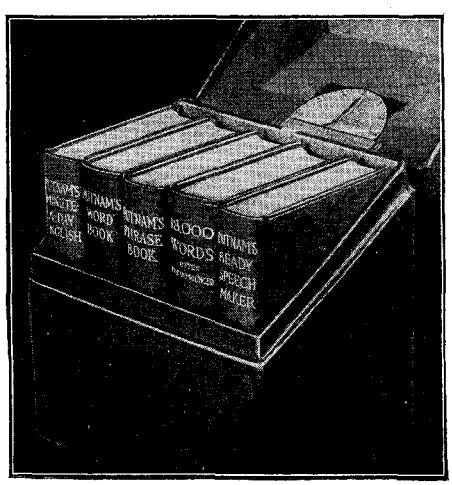

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Drawn from life by Donald McKay

BARROOM, 1931

"THE older generation very largely has forgotten and the younger never knew the evils of the saloon. . . ."

—GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

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F O R U M

APRIL, 1931 VOL. 85, NO. 4

LIQUOR CONTROL

I—A Substitute for Prohibition

by **HENRY W. ANDERSON**
of the Wickersham Commission

In the accompanying article Dr. Ivan Bratt has given a concise and instructive account of the operation and results of the present Swedish system of liquor control originally established by him and commonly known as the "Bratt System."

From the earliest times the Swedes have been known as a hard-drinking nation. The climate as well as the temperament and traditions of the people tended to induce heavy indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. As late as 1824 there were over 173,000 stills for making *brännvin*, a very potent grain or potato whisky, in a population which was then about three million. The consumption of spirituous liquors of about fifty per cent alcoholic content by weight was reported to have approximated thirty quarts per capita in each year. When it is considered that the consumption of similar liquors in the United States was only about five quarts per capita in 1890, the conditions which formerly prevailed in Sweden may well be imagined.

The limited profit company system of control was first introduced in the city of Gothenburg about 1865, and is generally known as the Gothenburg System. The general purpose was to discourage efforts to increase sales by limiting the profit, and to do away with saloons as drinking places by having liquors served only in restaurants for consumption with meals. Except as to *brännvin*, no effort was made to limit or control sales of liquors to be consumed off the premises. The system was adopted by other municipalities but it never became generally effective.

During a general strike in 1909 national prohibition was declared by the government, but was continued for only a short period. It was followed by a voluntary plebiscite on the subject in which the vote was about one hundred to one in favor of prohibition. This was not binding upon the government and national prohibition was not put into effect.

About this time Dr. Bratt published a series of articles in opposition to national prohibition. He proposed a system of control which would promote temperance by controlling the sources of supply, prevent the development of an illegal traffic by meeting the normal demand at reasonable prices, and so limit the profits of the business as to remove the incentive to increased sales.

In 1914 he organized a limited profit company for the city of Stockholm and inaugurated his proposed system of control as a modification or extension of the Gothenburg System then in effect. Like all measures of moderation it aroused much opposition from

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both the more extreme advocates of prohibition and those who resented any effective control of the purchase and use of intoxicating liquors. It also encountered many difficulties due to the existence of privately owned agencies of production and supply which had to be acquired or controlled in order to make the system effective. In the face of these obstacles the system was gradually extended on its merits.

The right of local option continued to exist and many communities, especially in the northern and rural sections of the country, still have local prohibition. The residents of these districts are permitted to purchase liquors at the nearest points in municipalities or districts where the Bratt System prevails. It is interesting to note that from 1920 to 1928 arrests for drunkenness decreased about 52 per cent in the three principal cities of Sweden where the Bratt System prevailed and only 7 per cent in the rural districts, while 43 per cent of those convicted of drunkenness in the entire country in 1928 were non-residents of the place where the offense occurred.

One of the most notable incidents of the Bratt System in Sweden has been the manner in which it has operated to remove the liquor question from politics. We have seen that in the plebiscite following the general strike of 1909 the vote in favor of national prohibition was about one hundred to one. In another plebiscite held in 1922, in which women voted, the majority against national prohibition was about 35,000. Since that time, with the further development of the System, the agitation for prohibition has steadily decreased until all of the political parties have dropped the subject from their platforms.

The method of liquor control proposed by me for the United States is based primarily upon our own experience with private ownership and operation under government regulation, of which the railroads and Federal Reserve Bank system furnish the best examples. The main principles of the proposed plan are similar to those of the Swedish system, but it differs therefrom in many essential particulars.

The plan proposed for this country is adapted to the legal and traditional relations of our Federal and State governments. The control would be complete as to all liquors including beer, which is not subject to the limitations of the Swedish system. There would be only one corporation for sale and distribution in each state adopting the system, instead of one for each municipality as in Sweden. Sales would be permitted only at local agencies of the corporation, in the original package for consumption off the premises, while limited sales are permitted in hotels and restaurants in Sweden. There are other differences as to detail.

The more stringent limitations of the proposed plan would greatly simplify the operation of the system, and would provide further protection against abuse. The details should so far as possible be left to the national and state regulating commissions to the end that the system might have the maximum of flexibility and could be so operated as to limit the use of alcoholic liquors as far as could be done without creating a market for an illegal traffic.

Since there is no legalized liquor traffic in this country, the proposed system could be installed in the United States free from those difficulties encountered by Dr. Bratt in dealing with the legal agencies of supply existing when his system was inaugurated. The absence of these agencies represents one of the major benefits of national prohibition. By the abolition of the legalized traffic and the saloon, the field has been cleared for the next step forward: the development of an effective system of control.

No system is perfect or final. Any plan of dealing with a complex human problem of this character must be constantly improved in the light of experience and adjusted to meet new conditions. The system of control in Sweden is based upon sound social and economic principles, it is flexible and capable of ready adjustment to meet new evils, and, most important of all, it has stood the test of experience.

It must be recognized by all students of this subject that no man of this generation has contributed more to the effective solution of the liquor problem than Dr. Ivan Bratt. His own account of the development, operation, and results of the Swedish system contained in the accompanying article should be read with interest and instruction by the people of the United States regardless of their views on prohibition. It is a valuable and authoritative contribution to the literature of this subject.

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II — How Sweden Does It

by IVAN BRATT
Originator of the "Bratt System"

MY WAY OF looking at the problem of liquor has been that of a physician who takes only a lukewarm interest in such questions as the problematic influence which small doses of liquor may have on the length of life and quality of offspring. Nevertheless I have been struck by two primary observations concerning it: first, the tremendous and palpable evil of alcohol, and second, the possibility of bringing about, by a minimum of legislative and administrative effort, a maximum of effect.

A unique opportunity to study the extent of this evil influence of alcohol was accorded to Sweden in 1909. At that time the first — and we hope the last — general strike occurred in this comparatively peaceful little country. The authorities, who anticipated trouble, immediately prohibited throughout the country the sale of spirits, wine, and beer. This prohibition came like a flash of lightning, and life changed so that even the blind were able to see. In many homes food was scarce, but liquor was even more so; and when, after six weeks, the strike ceased, and with it prohibition, the prohibitionists conducted a voluntary plebiscite which revealed a tremendous majority in favor of prohibition. 1,800,000 voted for it, and only 20,000 against it.

Even at that time many argued (but it was proved only later) that a suddenly applied prohibition, which may be expected to cease at any time, must not be confused in its effects with a law-enforced state of prohibition intended to continue permanently. In other words, the prospects of a marriage must not be judged by the honeymoon.

The story of how, starting from the conditions then in existence, the present system gradually came into effect would take too long to narrate. It suffices to say that had the acceptance of the present plan required the passage of a new law, it certainly would have been politically impractical. The new system has to thank for its existence an old law. This law was, to a large extent, based upon the principle of the so-called "Gothenburg System" — that is, concentration of liquor retailing in towns and the entrustment of its sale to the disinterested management of "System companies."

In the regulations governing the activities of these companies was to be found a clause beautifully thought out but unfortunately, up to then, without practical value. This clause stipulated that it was the primary duty of the System companies, "in the interest of morality," so to regulate their selling activities as to cause the least possible moral damage. In other words, there was no obligation to sell, but if you did sell, there was the obligation to do so in the interest of morality. This half-forgotten little clause became the new System's plank of refuge — or, if you prefer, the springboard from which the System leaped blindly into the unknown.

The System companies, of which there existed one in every town, were granted exclusive concessions for liquor distribution, each within its territory, for a period of three years. The applications of the established companies, and the subsequent concessions thereto, had been a matter of form. In 1913, however, I reorganized, with the aid of some friends, a rival company which succeeded in excluding the old one and which, in order to materialize my temperance ideas, took over the retailing of liquor in Stockholm at the beginning of 1914.

THE STOCKHOLM SYSTEM

THE NEW COMPANY, the "Stockholm System," carried through one radical reform after another. With mixed feelings, and to the great surprise of a public which could not understand how "legislation" could be exercised without having been laid down by the King and the Riksdag, the pass book was introduced as a requisite to the buying of intoxicants for home consumption. The profit-making on alcoholic beverages in restaurants was curbed, and in the saloons no intoxicants could be served except with meals.

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Soon one System company after another started to put the new principles into practice, the government (no matter what its political color for the moment) readily granting such adjustments as proved indispensable. Many prohibitionists, possibly a majority, wish to have the System removed, as in their eyes it constitutes an obstacle to the accomplishment of total prohibition. The wets also wish to have it removed so that the liquor trade may again become free and unrestricted. But presumably the Swedish Riksdag, a cautious institution, will think twice before it removes anything essential in the present law.

It is not altogether easy to give a brief but still intelligible picture of this legislation and of the different organizations which have been entrusted with its execution, what their aim is, and what they have accomplished. The Swedish method of restriction is, as a matter of fact, very complicated; too complicated, many say. In its organization and mode of action, it reflects the complex nature of the evil it intends to combat.

In putting the Stockholm System into effect one serious obstacle had to be overcome: the private interests invested in the liquor trade. To be sure, the Gothenburg System had operated in Sweden during some fifty years before the Stockholm System started, and the principle of the former was, specifically, to eliminate private interests from the liquor trade. But with all respect to the Gothenburg System, it had one fault: it was not carried out. It had been applied only to the distribution of cheap liquor (*brännvin*) through retail shops, and its sale in saloons, but the distilleries were in the hands of private interests, as were the importation of liquor and its distribution through hotels and first-class restaurants. As in any other form of commerce, the private interests ruled, in spite of the Gothenburg System.

How were we to persuade the brewers, distillers, liquor dealers, restaurant owners, and so on to support a policy of effective restriction which one day would place their customers' purchases under limitation, close the saloons, and permit liquor in restaurants only with meals? To let the Riksdag solve the difficulties appeared the least practical way: before the goal had been reached the System would be ground to pieces. There appeared to be only one possible solution, and this was adopted.

Relying upon the very strong support which the existing legislation gave to the System companies, the largest and most influential among them, the Stockholm System, decided to start negotiations with liquor manufacturers and wine and spirit dealers for the purpose of taking over their factories, stocks, and good will. Conditions caused by the World War, which had broken out during the first year of the Stockholm System, facilitated in many ways the raising of the necessary capital for a subsidiary. The "*Vin & Spritcentralen*" was organized particularly for this purpose. The various producers and dealers were offered favorable terms that they accepted — one after the other, and finally all of them. A lump sum in cash was preferred to the very uncertain prospects of the future. The Swedish wine and liquor monopoly thus became a reality during the years 1916 and 1919. It was not until 1923 that this company was definitely recognized by the government authorities and became part of the statute.

The "Vin & Spritcentralen"

All importation of liquors and wines, all distillation and manufacture of liquors, in addition to all wholesale trading in these beverages, is handled by *Vin & Spritcentralen*. This company thus cannot sell directly to the public, but only to the System companies, which number about one hundred.

The capital of *Vin & Spritcentralen* is privately held. The shareholders receive a maximum dividend of six per cent on the capital invested. From a practical point of view, the shareholders do not exercise any influence on the operation of the company, which is under strict government supervision. The object of the company is to procure and maintain in stock a large assortment of alcoholic beverages of guaranteed quality and to apply the lowest possible prices. The extent of the business is so great, however, that the yearly surplus profits to the government run into many million Kronor. The public treasury also receives, by way of a turnover tax, fifty-five per cent — a much larger amount.

The System companies, of which the Stockholm System, as regards turnover alone, represents easily one-fifth, are also private commercial undertakings, but placed under the

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supervision of the state. The shareholders can receive a maximum dividend of five per cent on the money invested and exercise no influence except through their right to appoint two out of the five members of the Board of Directors. These companies also turn over their surplus earnings to the public treasury, such remittances running into very high figures. Thus the Stockholm System distributes to its shareholders only 25,000 Kronor a year, whereas it turns over to the Treasury Department between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 Kronor.

As mentioned above, the System companies buy their merchandise from *Vin & Spritcentralen* and sell it to the public. In addition they supply the restaurants with their requirements of wine and liquor. In Sweden about nine-tenths of all sales are effected through retail shops — that is, the customer buys the merchandise in the stores for home consumption. The remaining one-tenth is served in restaurants. The reason for this exceedingly low percentage is to be found in the fact that the Swedish countryside is practically without licensed inns or restaurants.

The System companies, which since the formation of *Vin & Spritcentralen* have not been essentially commercial organizations, have two main concerns, definitely separated, both of which are connected with retailing. One of these is the sale in retail shops and the other is the sale in restaurants.

The companies handle the sales in retail stores, each within its district, with exclusive sales rights. No individual dealer in Sweden may, therefore, sell wines or intoxicants. The companies, through their control of the pass books, coöperate with such organizations as the police, organized charities, schools, courts, and communal temperance boards. These furnish identifications and innumerable data to guide the companies in issuing or refusing to issue, in withdrawing or limiting the purchasing power of the pass books.

Restaurant sales, on the other hand, place before the companies entirely different problems. Through reforms in the serving of intoxicants by public restaurants, drinking habits within all classes may be beneficially influenced. Immediately after having carried out the pass book reform, which brought an exceptional number of thirsty to the public houses and restaurants, the compulsory meal requirements were put into effect. Under these regulations, no intoxicants of any kind may be served before noon. After that hour consumption is limited. During the afternoons the quantities are less than during the evenings. Women are counted "half a man." A boy with a girl who has no taste for liquor (and our girls seldom have) cannot thus get a double ration.

Through organizing restaurants, even of the higher class, the System companies have put themselves in a more favorable position for controlling and influencing the serving of intoxicants in private restaurants. These restaurants obtain their licenses each year from the System, all the regulations as to serving liquor being stipulated in contracts between the System and the restaurateur.

In order to make the interests of the two parties conform, and thereby promote a desirable influence on drinking habits, the following very important condition has been imposed on the restaurateurs: a certain "normal" quantity of spirits and strong wines has been fixed for every restaurant. Within this limit, the restaurant owner can buy these beverages from the System at ordinary wholesale prices, being entitled to apply comparatively high retail prices, publicly proclaimed in the restaurant. Should the need of liquors exceed the limit, immediately the System applies the same prices to the restaurateur as he applies to the public. There is decidedly less temptation to push the selling of liquors, or not to observe given restrictions, if you get no benefit but only surplus expenses.

Unfortunately, I am at a loss to develop this theme at length. However, I hope that some idea of the tremendous importance of enlisting the restaurateurs has been conveyed.

The Pass Book

Through monopoly and the limitation of the restaurants' profits, the most dangerous conflicts of interests have been avoided. The monopoly has in addition brought about better merchandise and the abolition of false marks of origin. Through it the operating expenses have been reduced by concentration and elimination of all publicity and advertising. Public revenues have increased enormously without augmenting prices to unreasonably high figures. There are certainly few countries where intoxicants are sold at such low prices as in Sweden.

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Denmark has followed an entirely different line in enormous taxation, carried through during the war and since retained. If the retail price of a quart of *brännvin* in Sweden in 1914 be put at one, in Denmark it was about two-thirds. To-day the corresponding price in Sweden is one and a half, and in Denmark — nine!

Many foreigners have expressed to me their surprise that a *company* should be given such power as the control of individual purchases. A government board to them seemed more reasonable. One must not forget, however, that an organization which works in the form of a corporation, under government supervision, has certain advantages. Their documents, for instance those pertaining to the retail control, do not become public property. Generally speaking, the operation of a corporation can be made more flexible, errors more easily corrected, and it is more difficult for politicians to meddle with them. That the System companies comprise both the sale and the social control is a point of strength. Dualism is avoided and responsibility rests undivided.

The pass book, controlling retail sales to the individual, is, however, the feature of the Swedish restriction system which has attracted most attention. Many are the objections which have been raised, and although not all of them can be successfully refuted, still it would appear that the principle of justice which the pass book tries to express is generally accepted and found fair. If one does not dare or if one cannot prohibit the sale of these beverages, and if one cannot sell them as freely as coffee and sugar, it appears logical and reasonable to find a method by which one knows at least to whom one sells and how much; and then, to sell only such quantities as are considered reasonable and flatly refuse to sell under certain specified conditions.

But, after all, it is the citizen himself who, through his behavior, decides if he may be given the right to buy liquor for home consumption. Likewise his behavior is the factor deciding the extent of this right, which however is subject to a certain legal limit and a practice developed by the companies. Should anyone be dissatisfied with the decision arrived at, after he has had an opportunity to present his case, there is always a possibility of appealing to a Civil Service Department, the "*Kontrollstyrelsen.*"

While, according to the law, it is permissible to issue pass books to those who have attained the age of twenty-one, the companies in actual practice generally issue them only to those who have reached twenty-five years of age. The pass book, when issued to young men, carries authorization for a very small monthly quantity, and to young women no pass books are given at all. The maximum quantity of liquor per month permitted by the law — about four quarts — is allowed to only about one-third of all pass book owners. When reports are received from police, charitable institutions, or school authorities, or from other reliable sources, concerning abuse, ordinarily no radical measures are taken. We try to treat each individual case leniently. Even in instances of bootlegging — which are not uncommon — we hesitate to withdraw the pass book, no matter how notorious the offenders. In such cases an understanding quite frequently is reached between the man, his wife, and the company. The quantities are cut down, promises are given, and a special control exercised.

An objection one often hears is that the individual control, when applied, must necessarily lead to "arbitrariness." In practice, however, it seems not to have been the case. Those of the System who have to cope with this matter (in small companies the Board of Directors; in larger companies a trained staff, which refers doubtful cases to a committee of the Board of Directors) ordinarily arrive at the same conclusion, even if they have otherwise entirely different opinions regarding temperance. Teetotalers, moderatists, and members of the company work side by side, and coöperation between the System company and the Communal Temperance Board, often composed of prohibitionists, has proved to work more smoothly as the years pass by.

"Failure"?

In as much as I am writing for a foreign public, it may be well to touch upon a few problems which often are brought up by outsiders. During the many years I have worked in this field, there has never come to my knowledge any case of corruption within the administration. Nor have I heard an intimation, from any of the many Finance Ministers with whom I have dealt, that state finances

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would look with favor upon a more loosely applied restriction system. No, the private incentive to profit has been done away with. I have seen no political moves in opposition to the promotion of temperance, and it is difficult for me to believe that such an interest ever could be prevalent here.

Finally I should like to say a few words about "the failure of the Bratt System." This matter has been discussed so much, particularly by the temperance press, that one wonders the System still survives. In any case it is not up to me to pass judgment, hardly to give an opinion. But to tell something that many years ago *could have happened*, may not be looked upon as contrary to the strictest etiquette.

Suppose, say in 1913, when I was preparing the début of the Stockholm System, an old friend, considerably wiser and more experienced than I, and on my account full of anxiety because of the apparently bold venture into which I was plunging, had said: "I agree with your efforts, but you are thinking rationally, and the human heart does not obey rational laws. Temperance is not promoted through legislation. You are bound to fail. But in order to measure your optimism, tell me, what do you expect to accomplish?"

If in a vision I had seen the statistics on the amount of drunkenness — until then always on the increase — which did appear after more than fifteen years, should I have been wise to answer his questions accordingly? Should I have told him that I hoped for Stockholm — which was to be my principal field of activity — a decrease of forty per cent in the consumption of liquor, a decrease of seventy per cent in drunkenness? Should I have dared to predict that drunkenness among youth and hospital cases of alcoholism would go down eighty per cent, and that crimes of violence in general would decrease sixty per cent? Would it have been wise to answer in this way? Wouldn't my friend, in addition to the anxiety he already held for my project, have had to add fears for my sanity? And he certainly would not have considered me balanced had I added that in spite of these figures many were to look upon the system — as a failure.

Below follow a few statistical data which, due to the excellence of Swedish statistics, are reliable. The space does not allow me to make any comments upon them. The same reason prevents my devoting attention to the most important temperance problem of to-day in Sweden: smuggling and its noxious influence on the working methods and temperance effects of the restriction system. Alas, I do not expect to see a considerable decrease in the illicit liquor traffic until Finland has re-established her legal liquor trade and the problem of smuggling has been approached from an entirely different point of view.

WHAT THE BRATT SYSTEM HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN SWEDEN

	1913	1920	1927	1929
Consumption of spirits in Sweden *(Average in liters per inhabitant)*	7.9	6.4	—	5.2
Consumption of spirits in Stockholm *(Average in liters per inhabitant)*	24.4	12.5	—	12.7
Convictions of drunkenness in Sweden *(Average per 10,000 inhabitants)*	105	78	—	48
Arrests for drunkenness in Stockholm *(Average per 10,000 inhabitants)*	504	246	—	113
Hospital cases of alcoholism in Stockholm *(Average per 100,000 inhabitants)*	177	102	—	34
Crimes of violence in Sweden *(Average per 100,000 inhabitants)*	55	41	35	—
Crimes of violence in Stockholm *(Average per 100,000 inhabitants)*	171	118	77	—

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The War Debts

What Cancellation Would Mean

Drawings by Robert Foster

by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IN EUROPE the proposal has frequently been advanced that the United States should cancel the war debts due her from the Allies in return for a general cancellation by the Allies of the German reparations — that is, payment for property losses suffered during the war — fixed by the Treaty of Versailles. Until very recently this idea has never been espoused by American financial or political leaders, but now several responsible business men are showing signs of interest in the proposition. Perhaps the most significant statement is that of Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, Chairman of the Governing Board of the Chase National Bank (New York). In his report to the shareholders of that institution on January 13, 1931, he touched upon the question and concluded: "I am firmly convinced it would be good business for our government to initiate a reduction in these debts at this time." We may be sure, therefore, that this problem will be raised anew during the next few months, with increasing business support for the reduction or cancellation of America's claims; hence the opportuneness of Mr. Adams' article opposing the principle of cancellation.

ON BOTH SIDES of the ocean the question of a scaling down or cancellation of the war debts is once more coming to the front. It is quite understandable why the discussion should be started again. The world is in the trough of a deep economic depression, and at such times debts are an inevitable topic of conversation. At the Peace Conference I predicted, as did many others, that the creation of the vast debt due from Europe to us would create ill-feeling inevitably. Our own history of a frontier West constantly in debt to a lending East, with all the resultant complexes of sectional feeling involved, provided all the examples needful for an American historian. It is easy to understand Europe's attitude. It is as old as human nature. For our own returning to the discussion of the topic at the present time, there are several reasons, one of the least frequently mentioned being touched on later in this article.

If we are to reopen the discussion of the whole topic, as we evidently are, it is essential that we should do so not only in a candid and open spirit but with absolutely clear and unmuddled vision. In our modern nations, public opinion has become a force to be reckoned with; and this fact, advantageous as it is in many ways, has the disadvantage that in order to convert as many people as possible to one point of view many avenues of approach are used. The business man in modern salesmanship does not confine himself to the quality of his goods. He studies and utilizes the psychology of the possible purchaser. In the same way in a democracy, when trying to convince public opinion, those desirous of any course of action appeal to any and every motive in the individuals making up the public which may win a vote. The votes may be won, but the issue is bound to be confused by the introduction of many arguments which often have far more to do with the public's psychology than with the issue itself. It has been thus with the question of war debts both in our own and foreign countries.

I can see only three reasons, and with much interlacing, confusion, and trimming, I find only three used in arguments everywhere, why the debts should be scaled down or cancelled. We could do it out of charity, or if the word is objected to, out of sheer and unselfish international good will. We could do it because we considered it a moral obligation

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incumbent upon us. We could do it because it would be good business policy. In a clear analysis I can see no other reasons to be given. Let us discuss them in order.

First — good will. I think we may dismiss this out of hand. In the first place, Europe is not asking cancellation in the name of charity; and in the second, as a nation we have no right to determine, even by a majority vote of the entire people, that we Americans should lay so heavy a burden upon this generation and the next merely as a gesture of good will when unquestionably a large part of our people, who would pay the bill, would object to the gift. We have made such gestures, occasionally, to a far greater extent than Europe — as in the case of the indemnity for the Boxer Rebellion in China, when we returned to that nation most of what we received, although no European nation returned any.

But that was a matter of a mere eleven million dollars, which did not affect the economic lives of any of our citizens. Ten billion dollars (the actual debts funded amount to $11,522,354,000, but for the sake of simplicity I call it ten billion dollars) is not merely quantitatively a thousand times greater, but by its greatness — and the genuine burden it would entail upon many who are already sufficiently burdened — it may be considered different in principle. A nation cannot be guided by sentiment as can an individual. An individual may, as several Americans have done, give ten million dollars at a time to European institutions, but he has no one but himself, and possibly his immediate family, to consider. A national government is trustee for a vast multitude of people with conflicting wishes and needs. It has not the free hand of the individual citizen. No more than a trustee could give away his ward's property to suit his own emotional reactions, can a government give away national property. Let us therefore dismiss cancellation as a gesture of generosity. Not only would no other government in the world consider creating a national debt of ten billion dollars in order to make a gift to others, but no government would have the shadow of right to do so.

The Moral Issue

Second — moral obligation. This is the sentimental fringe most often used to confuse the question, and is genuine in the minds or hearts of many. We may note that it itself is often confused with a tinge of the first reason discussed, charity. To many we appear like a rich man in a suffering world of poverty, and so are morally obligated in some measure to give of our bounty for the sake of others. Such a course may be a moral obligation upon the part of an individual in society. He has made his money with the help and protection of society, and perhaps owes some of it to others less successful than himself.

But if we are right in our argument in the section just written, charity cannot be considered a moral obligation upon a national government. The money of the individual is his own to do with as he will, subject to moral obligations. The money to be raised by a government is not its own, but the property of the taxpayer, and cannot be diverted from the normal purposes for which taxes are raised — that is, the welfare of the citizens of the nation. If we rule out this somewhat hazy fringe of obligation by denying that the morality of private charity can be considered, we have to look for some other moral obligation.

So far as I can discover in the printed articles and in private conversation, the basis assumed by most people — and the only one worth discussing — is that we came into the war long after we should have, and that we suffered but little, whereas our "allies" suffered heavily, in fighting what was in reality "our" war from the beginning. In a word, that we declined to do our duty because we did not go to war in August, 1914, and, having by that dereliction saved much money and many lives, it is now our duty to right the wrong by giving back to our "allies" at least some money. It has even been suggested that the cost of the war should be pooled and that America should pay her share from August 4, 1914.

There are two points in this argument that require clear analysis, and which somewhat depend on each other. Were we, from a moral standpoint, late in entering the war; and if it was "our" war, when did it become so? It is obvious that there *was* a moral obligation resting upon any government responsible for the lives and destinies of 120,000,000 men, women, and children *not* to enter a war which was *not* "ours"; and it should also be admitted

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that a people and its own government have the right to decide for themselves when, from reasons of self-defense, honor, or other causes, the war *is* theirs. A national government cannot assume the rôle of Don Quixote or international policeman, and no government ever has. There must be sound and compelling reasons for leading a nation into war, and not sentiment however exalted.

For a very considerable period the last war, we may admit — now that passions have cooled (and it must be recalled in that respect that in 1914 our distant position in space was

almost equivalent to a distant position in time) — was not unlike the others which had already been fought in Europe. The Boer War, which many in England as well as in the United States had considered the perpetration of a moral wrong, had been waged by England scarcely a decade earlier. It is true that the World War started with the crime of the rape of Belgium, but we had not been signatories of the treaty guaranteeing Belgium neutrality, and so we were free to consider her rape as a moral crime but not a treaty obligation on our part.

When, before or since in history, has a great nation been expected to cross the world to right a wrong of that sort? Were the hands of the great imperialistic powers, France and England, so clean in their dealings with small peoples that they were entitled to read us a lesson as to our moral duty? Had not England sat by in 1864 while France egged on Prussia to rape Denmark of its provinces of Schleswig and Holstein? Had England rushed to the aid of France when Germany wantonly attacked her in 1870?

It must be recalled also that for nearly a century, since our promulgation of the Munroe Doctrine, it had been an essential part of our national policy to keep our hands out of every Old World dispute in return for the Old World powers' keeping out of the New. What shadow of right would we have had in the future to demand that Europe keep out of the two Americas if we intruded into an Old World fight, unless it could be proved without shadow of doubt to involve us beyond abstention?

"Ah, but," these arguers say, "it *was* your war. You did have the right to intervene, because if Germany had won you would have been the next victim." That is by no means clear. It may well be asked if Germany had won the war without involving us at last, just what she could have done to us afterward. It is futile to consider too closely, but is it not likely that the colonies which she would have taken from England and France, as they when victors took hers, would have given her ample room for expansion for many years? Gorged with spoil, would she have cared to attack at once a fresh and unworn nation of 120,000,000 people at the end of a line of communication three thousand miles long? If she had won decisively enough to be a danger to us, would she have cared to risk the plunder won and the new possessions gained in an immediate venture even more difficult than that she had just achieved? No one can say, but it would seem unlikely. Perhaps she would have started, in time, an adventure in Brazil or the Argentine which would indirectly have involved us, but that would have been another story. Had Germany not attacked us during the war, it is impossible to prove that she would have done so afterward.

On the basis of that argument, the Prussian-Danish War was "France's war," for the waging of it was one of the links in the chain that led inevitably up to the Franco-Prussian War six years later. But no one then insisted that France should morally have helped the Danes because if they were defeated it would be, as it was, France's turn next. In the same way, the Franco-German War was a step leading up to the World War, but no one said that England should intervene to prevent the crime against France because in another generation it would be her turn. That sort of argument against us seems to me exceedingly shoddy. As for its being "our" war as one for democracy against autocracy, the less said about that the better to-day, when several of our "allies," including our third largest creditor, have set up dictatorships.

Everybody's War

If it is claimed that the mere fact that Germany, if she had won the war, might have

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become the leading power in Europe for a time and have wreaked a malicious will upon nations around the world, then why was it not the war of *those* nations as well as ours? Italy did not enter it until nearly a year late, and then only after bargaining for ample spoils if the "moral" war were won. Other nations which it is possible to surmise might have felt the power of a successful Germany did not come in at all, such as Holland, Denmark, Sweden, the Argentine, Brazil, Chile.

If the costs of the war should be pooled among those who incidentally benefited by the defeat of Germany, why should not some of the pooled costs be allocated to those nations also? Why should the United States — which did enter the war, which by throwing her weight on the Allied side at a time of stalemate proved just the makeweight needed to give the Allies victory, which spent some twenty billion dollars — why, I ask, should she be the only one expected to put additional funds into the pool? Of course there can be no possibility of pooling the costs. Who could ever possibly estimate the total costs in treasure and lives, and allocate it? Such talk is merely cover for asking a contribution from the United States.

It is as difficult to assign the causes of the war. The murder of the Archduke was not a cause but a match in a powder magazine. That Germany was the next proximate cause I believe, but what had led to that? France had helped on Prussia's ambition in the Danish crime. England had calmly watched Germany grow still greater by the crime against France. The industrial revolution had made Germany a great manufacturing nation with a population needing outlets overseas. England had already possessed herself of nearly a quarter of the globe. France had seized colossal possessions larger than the United States. Naturally they looked on Germany's ambitions as those-who-have always regard the efforts of those-who-have-not.

The crimes of war in Europe had not stirred the European nations to acts of moral generosity. European statesmanship had found itself incapable of grappling with the questions of growing nations just as our capitalists have been unable to solve the problem of equitable distribution of the rewards of industry. There was little in the situation, and nothing in the past history of the nations involved, to warrant them in lecturing us on international morality.

Had we been a signatory of the Belgian Treaty, as England was, it would have been our duty to enter the war at once, as it was hers. We were not, and otherwise there was no more reason for our mixing in such a European quarrel, which for a century we had pledged ourselves to keep out of, than there was for England to have prevented Prussia from her acts of brigandage in 1864 or in 1870. On no just grounds that I can see was it "our" war until some such acts had been committed against us as to make it impossible for us to

remain outside the conflict with honor or safety. What those acts might prove to be, no one could say in advance, and it was certainly our place, and ours alone, to decide.

Once the war was started it was clear that we, as the most powerful neutral, would be called upon, as ever, to solve problems and defend neutral rights. We had had to do so in the Napoleonic Wars and have had to ever since when Europe has been in turmoil. Owing to applied science, the new means of offense and defense, the fact that civilian populations had become parts of the war machine and thus almost combatants, the difficulties of deciding what should and should not constitute contraband of war, all the problems were bound to be of extreme complexity.

We had for long been a leader among the nations in trying to reach a more equitable basis of international law, but had secured little help or following, and the war broke with, for the most part, antiquated laws of war. Infringements of our neutrality would have had to be anticipated in any case. Under the new conditions, they were bound to be frequent and serious. We could not maintain an honest neutrality and change the laws to suit ourselves or either party to the conflict, in the midst of it.

If, as both sides claimed at times, we took often a narrow, legalistic view of infringements, we did so because it was the duty of an honest neutral so to do. However, we need not have made on that account — and for long did not

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make — a *casus belli* of any one of such protests as we felt compelled to lodge. We were bound, nevertheless, to be legal in order to be honest in our neutrality. Both sides infringed our neutrality illegally; both sides committed many unlawful acts against us. Had we not properly reserved to ourselves the right to decide when the war might become "our" war, we might have gone to war with the Allies for seized cargoes, rifled mail bags, and other illegal acts directed against us before we at last went to war with the Central Powers for intolerable attacks upon our ships and lives. We considered those attacks not as more unlawful but as more serious and more damaging to civilization than those perpetrated by the Allies.

In spite of infinite provocation we tried to force both belligerents to obey, as near as might be, the law of nations and still keep our peace. Failing at last, we made the war "ours," and there is no shadow of reason why anyone should consider it "ours" before that time. I believe, in view of all, that it would have been a disaster for the Central Powers to have won, but so was it a disaster for Germany to have won in 1870, and there have been many such in history. It has never been held, until now, that it is the moral duty of nations not directly involved to plunge into the conflict in order to prevent the disaster, especially in a part of the world entirely outside their province. It has never been held that if they did not do so they should be considered morally derelict and subject to fine or allotment of costs.

The Economic Issue

THIRD — business policy. If we can eliminate, in our effort to clarify our problem, both charity and moral obligation, we can come down to a cold discussion of business policy, by which, of course, I mean the economic good of the world, both from the standpoint of Europe and our own.

There is no use denying, as our government attempted to do for an almost criminally stupid period after it was long apparent, that the economic world is very sick to-day. But it may be asked just what part the war debt plays in this sickness, and how much good the cancellation would do. Many factors have combined to bring on the disastrous situation, which is shown in overproduction, unemployment, disorganized foreign exchange. In any case, a serious crisis was due according to the business cycle. This could have been expected more or less to coincide with the crisis always resulting, after the immediate hectic war prosperity, from the inevitable destruction of capital in war. As this war was on an unparalleled scale and the destruction was unprecedented, so the resultant crisis might have been expected to have been unprecedented.

In addition there has been for many years an extravagant consumption of capital, both in America and in Europe, in all sorts of unproductive ways. It is not only the national debts that are weighing the world down to-day but those of villages, towns, cities, states, or provinces. In all sorts of socialized luxuries and "social services," so-called, we have frankly been living beyond our means at a time when there was already great strain on our real capital resources. "Local taxes" have been mounting all over the world, sometimes at rates higher than the national taxes, and from no connection with the war except the higher prices, a large part of the advance being caused by demands on the part of taxpayers or those benefiting by things paid for by "the government."

There have also been the bans placed everywhere on the free movements of peoples and goods, the first by alien restriction acts and the second by tariffs. The first, designed to keep nations free from influxes of foreigners, achieve that result but also tend to increase poverty and misery in places where there is no work. The tariffs, designed for the same purpose, have tremendously impeded the free flow of goods and so done their part to dislocate industry and the exchanges.

There have also been the revolutions in China and Russia, interfering with the markets of about 500,000,000 people. Again, there is the natural dislocation of accustomed ways and routes of doing business due to the vast changes in the boundaries of European states which were economic as well as political entities before they were disrupted. Even under the best of peace-time conditions such a readjustment of the map of Europe, involving changes in raw materials, railroad services, national markets, and other factors, might well have brought on an economic crisis by itself. There

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has also been the gearing up of all industry, including agriculture, to a war-time basis, and the sudden deflation after, as well as the increase in attempted production and insistence of larger markets due to mass production. How important is the part played by the war debt in all this, and how would cancellation of ten billion dollars help? That it is *one* factor there is no doubt, but it may be questioned how great a one.

It is easy to see why Europe should persistently look at the debt. For all our national life we had been a heavy debtor of hers. Suddenly we turn into a gigantic creditor. Europe has not been used to the rôle of debtor — a part she always expected us to play — and the sudden shift is extremely disagreeable. England, for example, has been a fairly good sport about it, but there is much underlying resentment among many there. England cancelled a large amount of debt due her, some of which could not be collected, and offered to cancel all if we would. That could not be done, and we have to consider the present situation.

What to-day is England's position as to the American debt? She collects annually from her allies and Germany £1,500,000, or $7,500,000 more than she pays the United States; thus if there were a complete all-round cancellation of debts, so far from helping England, it would leave her $7,500,000 poorer annually. Of the staggering taxes in England not one penny is on account of the American debt. She is, of course, on our note, and if the Allies and Germany could not pay her, she would be responsible to us. On the other hand, the difference between what she receives and what she pays — a situation which will last until 1966 — would amount, without compounding of interest in that period, to $270,000,000 in her favor. Under such circumstances, the debt cannot be considered as inimical to the interests of England until her own debtors should default, at which time the question could be raised better than to-day.

Unfortunately the average English taxpayer is under the impression that his fiendish taxes are somehow due to Uncle Sam. Each sees in a budget what he wants to see, whether it is there or not. One day I asked an English military man about the English taxes and he said they were due to the dole and all the Socialistic nonsense. The next day I asked a social worker the same question and the answer was that they were due to the outrageous amounts for the army and navy. At any rate they are very slightly decreased, and not enlarged, by the debt to us.

Cancellation and the Tariff

When we come to the next largest debtor, France, we find her the most prosperous of the nations to-day, with practically no unemployment. If the war debts are the cause of our ills, how is it that the second largest debtor is more prosperous than anyone else, even being able to spend huge sums on armaments? The third, Italy, is not so prosperous — but she manages to find large sums in her budget for remaking Rome into a city befitting the idea of her dictator, for carrying on more antiquarian exploration than ever before, and for all sorts of new public works.

Germany, from whom we ask nothing in indemnities, is in sore straits — but how much of that is due to the proportion of the indemnities diverted by the Allies to pay their debts to us, and how much to the proportion which they keep, and to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles dismembering her territory and empire? America fought hard, almost quixotically, in Paris for a peace that might be fair to all and bring healing to Europe. Passion was too high, and Europe would have nothing of it. At the signing of the Treaty, in a spirit utterly alien to that of Grant at Appomattox, the French could not even refrain from a gibe at the fallen foe, and from recalling the peace of 1871 signed in the same room. If Germany was so treated that it is difficult to secure payments from her, it is assuredly not the fault of America.

In view of the present temper of Europe, the flow of passion, the race for armaments, the nursing by France of Poland and the other encircling states, I see no reason for expecting that the cancelling of the annual payments by Europe to America of the installments of principal and interest of the already scaled down debts would greatly help, and it might merely increase the amount available for armaments and "social services." It would have no effect whatever on the conflict between capital and labor in England, such as is now paralyzing the coal and textile industries; it

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would not help a particle in the rationalizing of either industry or government in that country. It would not relieve by one iota the tension between Italy and France, or the hatred and fear of France for Germany. It would not reduce armaments or tension. It would relieve Germany a bit but could not alter the impairments of the treaty imposed on her. Yet it is easy to see why Europe wants it. That is so natural a feeling as not to call for comment.

But let us look at our own house. Why is it that our own manufacturers and bankers are beginning to suggest cancellation again? Can the answer be possibly something like this? Owing to the war and also owing to the mass production theory, our manufacturing capacity was built up to enormous proportions. Mass manufacture has gone beyond domestic limits and demands large foreign outlets. It also demands a protected home market. Under Mr. Hoover as its angel it has secured the highest tariff in history, a tariff that is so nearly prohibitive as to bring about resentment among the other nations and something almost like dismay even among ourselves.

It is clear that foreigners cannot buy our goods and pay the debt unless they can have the money and the foreign exchange with which to do it. The manufacturers, wishing to hog the entire domestic market and yet sell to the foreign ones, do not want to lower the tariff (which might permit foreigners to sell to us and thus secure the means in money and exchange to buy from us and to pay the debt); but they do want the foreigner to buy. Chief among the great hindrances to international trade to-day are the new tariffs, of which our own is the worst example.

We cannot expect Europe to pay the debt and buy our goods if we do not permit her to sell anything at all to us. The manufacturers, as I have just said, do not want her to do that; but they do want her to buy their goods. If the American people will cancel the ten billion dollar debt, there might be ten billion dollars more for the moment with which to buy American manufactured goods. The world situation would be greatly helped by a reduction in our tariff to reasonable and not prohibitive levels. But those business men who ask for the cancellation of the debt say nothing about that. It would interfere with their entire control of the American market and the exorbitant profits which they have been making. It would start the people thinking and establish a precedent.

There is no precedent involved in the American people presenting Europe with ten billion dollars with which to buy American goods, nor would the manufacturers pay the bill. We would. We are already contributing to the success of manufacturing by paying the higher prices the tariff makes possible. If we cancelled the loans, we would have to pay our individual share of the annual taxes to care for the interest on and amortization of ten billion dollars. Unless precedents failed, the manufacturing plants would get their taxes paid by handing them on in yet higher prices to the consumer in a protected market. We would thus, for a third time, pay a contribution to the manufacturer.

If those who are now suggesting such a cancellation were motivated solely by the good of the world, why no word about tariffs, which are notoriously one of the worst symptoms in the world sickness? Because a change in them would interfere with their personal profits. The war debt to America is, as I have said, but one factor in the general *malaise* to-day. When Europe seems disinclined or unable to try to remedy any of the others, and America considers none of the others, why burden the American taxpayer with this sole one of the debt? Because, in Europe, it is the one that calls for no self-restraint or effort, and, in America, because it will give the manufacturer renewed purchasing power abroad for his goods without touching the tariff. If these statements are not accurate, they at least honestly raise questions that deserve honest answers.

Where the Burden Would Fall

To-day the economic world is one. No nation can prosper or suffer by itself alone. I feel very strongly that we have not taken that part in world affairs that since the war we should have taken. Part of the blame for the present situation rests squarely on our shoulders. Moreover, I am extremely sympathetic in my regard for Europe. I have, indeed, not infrequently been accused of being too much so. But, as an American, I also want to see clearly where we are going, and why, before we start. We are said to be a rich nation, and we are, but statistics when used

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in large terms are misleading. We have wealth, but it is very unevenly distributed, and in a somewhat new fashion. We have enormous wealth at the top, a few billionaires, and, I believe, several hundred with incomes of more than a million a year each. We also have a prosperous labor class — at times.

I am not at all concerned with what taxes those with million-a-year incomes pay; and the labor class pays no income tax, our high exemption figure letting most of even the fairly prosperous ones out entirely. But between these two classes is a very large and important class, which is the backbone of the intellectual and cultural life of our nation. This class is not rich. In many cases, owing to high mass-production wages and for other reasons, its members do not lead as good a life as many of the same class can even in war-torn Europe. It is also they who bear the chief real burden of the income tax. It is that class which is going to have to carry the added burden of paying the ten billion dollars if it is forgiven to Europe.

I would vote for the cancellation and assume my own share of the burden if I could believe that it would mean any permanent improvement in the condition of the world, but I would fight to the end to prevent the cancellation if I thought it would only provide Europe with more ample means for the moment to go the way she is going now, or if it were merely to provide our manufacturers with an injection to stimulate foreign purchases at my expense while in their selfishness they make no other effort to relieve the basic conditions of world-wide economic maladjustment. That European capital and labor continue their quarrels in the old way, that the national hatreds persist, that armaments are not lowered, that no suggestion of alterations in the Treaty are tolerated, make me question the value of contributing from my income and yours ten billion dollars to her at present. That many of our own leaders urge that you and I put up this money while they will not consider tariff changes, entering the League, the World Court, or taking any other part in the attempted betterment of the world, makes me question whether the world is going to be helped by our paying for their increasing their foreign sales for a year or two with no basic change which will permit of a real world trade again on sound bases.

The course of events both at home and abroad in the past three or four years has made me feel differently from what I did, and I think the American people, who will have to pay the bill if the debt is cancelled, should be given fair answers to the questions raised, and be told whom they are helping, how, why, and how much, with no red-herrings of sentimentality dragged across the trail of European statesmen or American export manufacturers.

I do not claim that the debt should not be scaled down, or even cancelled *in toto;* but if either action is taken, it should not be without a thorough understanding of all involved. It should not be considered as the performance of a moral obligation on our part or as a temporary and, for us, extremely costly alleviation of the ills of European taxpayers or American manufacturers. It should be only one part of a general plan for the permanent betterment of the economic situation for us all, and to which all would make their several contributions.

I know and appreciate European civilization sufficiently to believe that any permanent collapse there would be the most colossal loss perhaps that the world could suffer, against which our sacrifice of ten billion dollars would weigh as a feather. But although we are supposed to be all wealthy, less than about 5,000,000 people out of 120,000,000 in the United States are high enough in the economic scale to pay an income tax. If the 5,000,000 or less are to assume the ten billion dollars which Europe owes us, they have a right to be assured before they do so that their self-denial and heavy burdening of themselves are essential and are really contributing to the salvation of Europe and the lasting benefit of the world at large. No other reasons would warrant the demand. No other reasons could justify a government in complying.

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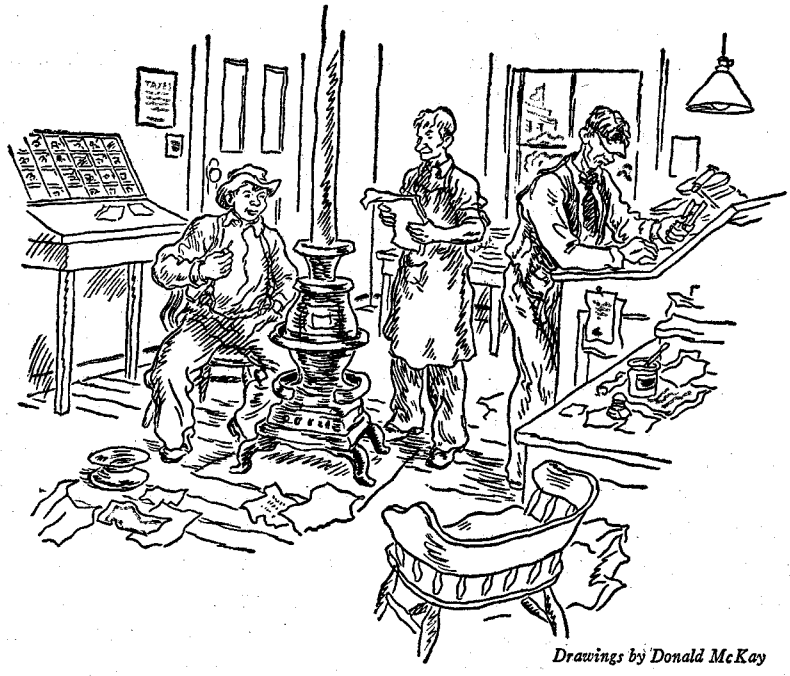
The Country Weekly



Drawings by Donald McKay

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I

THE LOCAL country weeklies in America have become pretty dull and meaningless. They were not always that. At one time and until long after the Civil War they were very much alive. There is still life in them, there are still possibilities. To thousands of young men and women in America who are rather fed up on big city life and who object to becoming mere cogs in huge organizations they offer an opportunity.

We are hearing a good deal now days about industrialism and of how it has changed life. There has been for the last two or three generations a drift to the industrial centers, the big cities. The kind of young men in America who in former times would naturally have become small town and county seat editors — colorful fellows, full of life, with a writing hunch, perhaps (there were always plenty of that kind) taking an interest in the life immediately about them, taking an interest in politics, having their say about things — this kind of men have now, for a good many years, been leaving the small towns. They have been going away to the cities and when they have become newspaper men have gone to work on the big city dailies.

It is my notion that they have missed more than they have gained. They have taken too seriously the city propaganda. They have been told by the city men that to stay on living in the small town was to become a boob. They haven't wanted to be boobs so they have got out of the towns.

They have gone to the cities. But in the cities the tone of the newspaper has also changed. Everything has become more fixed, more static, more regimented there too. Formerly on the big city daily there were strong individualists. The great newspapers were once really, in part at least, journals of opinions. To get at just what I mean go back to our Civil War days. See how individuals stood out then. There was that queer but nevertheless powerful figure, Horace Greeley; there was the violent and colorful James Gordon Bennett. Other men of like caliber were springing up everywhere. At that time being a newspaper man was a career with infinite possibilities. The Civil War got itself fought out and the newspaper man for a time still remained strong.

But the Civil War was really fought about something besides slavery. There was some-

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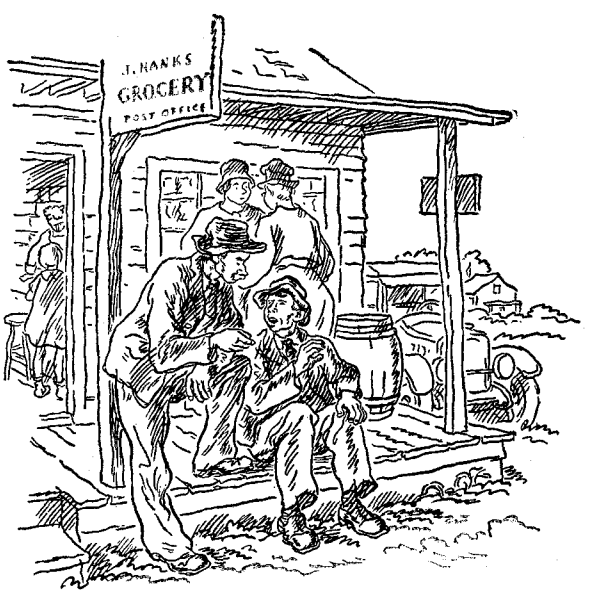
thing else at stake. An old life here in America, an agrarian life — a civilization such as Thomas Jefferson dreamed of, founded on the small farm and on small and localized industries — was at war with modern industrialism, and it was industrialism that triumphed.

II

Now as everyone now days knows, the soul of industrialism is standardization. It must be so. There is no help for it, and naturally you get out of standardization a civilization in which the effort is made to pour all people into the same mold. In the modern big factory, individualism in the workman is simply not wanted. To get mass production at its best you must have your workmen organized as in an army. Every man has his little part to do and he does just that part and nothing else. No one wants him to be an original, an individual, and to become individualistic throws everything out of gear.

And so naturally you have got your newspapers standardized also. The modern city newspaper is trying to reach constantly more and more hundreds of thousands of people, they are more and more being owned in chains, and every year they become more and more alike. It is again a question of mass production. You have only to look at the newspapers themselves to see what I mean. From Maine to California, in every city big enough to support a daily, you will find the same comics, there are the same rather tired syndicated sport writers, the same funny men, the same wise-crackers. And all news stories are handled in much the same way. There may be some slight variations. Some newspapers report happenings in a more detailed way than others, some go in more heavily for scandal, some play up pictures.



The main, the central purpose, is bigness, and it seems to me that now, more than ever before, is a time for the young man or woman of talent who wants to have some fun out of life to let bigness go. It is time to check up a little, to stop and look about.

We have already got on our hands here something that is too big for us as yet — that is to say, industrialism. There is a ferment in the country. The periodic times of depression have a lot to do with it. The whole country is brought up short. In every town and city people go through the streets asking questions. There is at least an attempt at revaluation of the machine, of industrialism, of our lives.

And there is more attention being given to Russia, too, to the ideas back of Communism. Men who, even a year ago, would have been impatient at any suggestion of criticism of industrialism are now ready to stop and talk it over.

"This machine," they say, "this huge thing that we have built up here . . . what about it?" Gradually it has worked down to them that the Russian experiment is an attempt to press down upon people everywhere the very thing that our American industrialists have apparently succeeded in pressing down upon us. There is a feeling everywhere that there should be a back fire started in favor of individualism.

III

The point with me is that I am trying to make here a plea to thousands of young men and women in America who have an aspiration to write and who have their eyes on newspaper work as a way to get a start; for them the country press is an opportunity.

There is probably not, in the whole of our American romantic conception of life, a greater illusion than that concerning the life of the writer, and in particular the popular or successful writer. To the young man just getting under way it seems indeed the ideal life. There the writer is. He has no definite, fixed job. He flies about. The young man, looking at the older writer, seeing him get from time to time

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a certain amount of attention from the newspapers, seeing him received here and there with what looks like respect, imagines his life as indeed a bed of roses. If he is popular, he has got money, hasn't he? Club women smile upon him. He has (there is no doubt of it) more opportunities to make a fool of himself than the ordinary citizen.

He has leisure. Why there is the very difficulty. He has too much leisure. The popular writer who can pound out say a half dozen short stories a year and who can sell them to the popular magazines can live by that alone. A short story, if it is any good, is usually written at a rush. It is done at one sitting. So there you are. You have really worked some six days out of the year and during the rest of the year you are very likely pounding vainly away at your failures. I assure you that is not a very cheerful business, and one of the reasons that Communism makes so little appeal to men of leisure is that the Communists are always at it, promising men more leisure.

If you are a writer and have nothing else to do, you can go lecturing. There is money in that. Ask some successful writer how he likes it. Ask him also, while you are at it, how he likes those very qualities in his own work that often make him a success.

I have myself been for three years now the publisher of two county seat papers in a Virginia county of some twenty-five thousand people. The papers are published in a town of five thousand people, the county seat, and I bought them not because I wanted to reform anyone or change anyone in this Virginia county but because I wanted a job.

The country weekly, when it is a true country weekly, is not a newspaper at all. That should be understood. We do not compete with the daily and in our columns we constantly say to the people of the county that if they want world news, or even state news, they should take a daily. We constantly warn them not to depend upon us.

It is true that we do give to the entire news of the outside world perhaps a column a week. Mr. Jack Dempsey fought Mr. Gene Tunney — the highly cultured Mr. Tunney — out in Chicago, that time of the long count. Do you think we mentioned that in our weeklies? Not at all. If there were to-morrow a catastrophe in Spain, let us say, with twenty-five thousand people wiped out, we might give the matter four lines in our papers, but if Mr. Jim Lane's collie dog, over by Nebo in this county, went mad and bit a child and if the dog was killed and its head was sent to Richmond and if the authorities there found true rabies and sent a treatment for the child so that it in turn need not go mad, we would have a column on that.

We would go into details about that matter, perhaps running a special article on rabies, what causes it, what are the signs of its coming on in animals, its different forms, *etc.* We would do that and we would be right. The child bitten by Jim Lane's dog was Charley Peter's little girl. She is a nice little thing. Everyone here knows her as they know Jim and Charley. While this treatment of the little girl is going on, Jim will be almost as anxious about the outcome as Charley himself.

The county newspaper rightly run is not a newspaper in the modern daily newspaper sense. It is in reality a kind of big weekly county letter. You will find hundreds of names in every issue of the paper. One of the ways in which a country editor can insure having a big circulation is by getting into each issue as many names as possible. Do that and you can't fail. The people will take your paper all right.

In our own country papers we have, for example, a correspondent at every crossroads in the county. We cover all of the court news, even in the country squires' courts. A country-

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man and his neighbor have a quarrel leading to a fight over the division of corn, raised in a field on shares, and the matter is brought to a justice of the peace. We cover that. We cover deaths, births, marriages, family reunions.

Now I remember very vividly what happened when I bought these papers. There was a certain amount of fear in the county. Some of the big city dailies had got wind of what I had done. Articles appeared about it in the city papers. The people here, of this county, were afraid I was going to put in some sort of innovation. They were afraid I was no longer going to try to get out their county letter that would pretty much tell everyone in the county what everyone else was doing. They were afraid I might be going to try to reform them.

I remember what a traveling salesman for a paper company said to me the first week I was here. The man was a little sorry for me. He came in. "Well," he said, patting me on the back, "cheer up, man. A man may be down but he is not out.

"I wouldn't give up if I were you," he said. "You'll get back again into the big time after a while."

IV

You get . . . there is no doubt of it . . . in these little weekly sheets . . . a rather marvelous opportunity. For one thing, and from a writer's point of view, there is something very valuable. You are in touch with life. You see life in the towns and on the farms as it is carried on. You are a part of it. You have a function in the community. You are busy. If you keep your head above water you will be, in times like these, most decidedly busy.

Why, as for that, you give the people of your county the county news in full and then there you are, you have plenty of space left. You have space in which you can say things and give others the opportunity to say things. Discussions having to do with the welfare of the whole community can be brought up and can be thrashed out. There are illuminating conversations overheard, discussions on the streets or on the courthouse steps. With a little practice the tone of life and thought in the town may be pretty sharply reflected. I admit this isn't done much in most of the county weeklies as they are now run, but it can be done. The county weekly can be a kind of forum.

The very touch the country newspaper man has with his readers and with the people about whom he writes is something no city newspaper man ever can have. Our own country print shop, here in this Virginia town, is a kind of meeting place for the whole county.

Men and women come in and go out. There is a big stove in the center of the room and there are books here to be read and pictures on the walls. Now days you can get good colored prints of modern paintings at little cost. We have Van Goghs, Cézannes, Marins. People come in and stare at these, but they are interested. We run a non-profit-making lending library in a corner of the shop and people come in for books. There are political discussions, stories told, news of the county is brought in. I swear you'd be surprised. There is a workman's wife here who reads Dostoevski. We reprint stories by Chekhov and Turgenev and have even reprinted in the papers the Book of Ruth. People liked it.

On a country paper you do not, as a city newspaper man must, lose touch with the people for whom you write and about whom you write. Your city newspaper man gets an assignment. There is a woman in a suburb who has attempted suicide. On any assignment of any importance your city newspaper man takes a photographer with him. He must rush. He must write a quick, snappy story getting into it all he can. He must make the whole thing as sensational as possible. But if he were a country newspaper editor, the chances are ten to one that he would personally know that woman.

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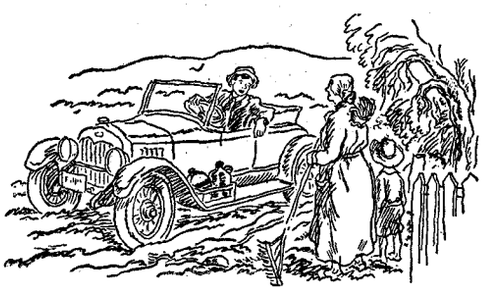
He knows her and he knows her husband. There is a story there. There is even a novel. This attempt at suicide has a thousand ramifications. The threads of this story wind their way in and out of the whole life of a community. You have got a challenge in that fact, a rather nice challenge to a man of feeling.

I am writing of the opportunities that I feel are in our country papers, but they are not primarily money-making opportunities. Your country newspaper editor, if he is a good one, does everything. He has to make the paper pay, watch the business end of his venture, he has to gather news, go to trials, go to gatherings of farmers, auction sales, weddings, *etc*. Even at the best he won't make much money. His income will be about that of the fairly successful country lawyer or doctor. But now days, at least among some of our younger American men and women, there is a growing feeling that the emphasis upon money-making in our civilization has been, to say the least, rather overdone. They are a little fed up on that idea. Having money is all right, but usually it costs too much in life and in living to get enough of it to make much of a show.



V

As for the power inherent in these country and small town papers, it is tremendous. Once it was deeply felt, but it is a good deal forgotten now. That is because so many of our country papers are in the hands of small business men. They are being run by men without imagination, with no flare for the work. They have become simply tiny little advertising sheets, and the space not filled with advertisements and with what we on the country press call "personals" is filled up with plate matter shipped in from Chicago.

The life of the average small town is not ideal. There is a lot of petty meanness and jealousy. In every town there are gossips and penny-pinchers. Little hatreds flare up, but other things flare up too. People you did not think were nice suddenly become amazingly nice. Laughter breaks out, and that helps a lot.

You are close to the woods and streams. The country paper is unlike your city daily. There is no deadline. If the paper does not come out to-day, to-morrow will do very well. There is a shotgun and a fishing rod in the editor's closet by the front door of the shop.

The woods call, the streams and fields call. Some man is always coming in. "Look here," he says, "get away from that typewriter. The fish are biting up Willard's Creek." The point is that in this job of running a country paper there is a chance, so often altogether lost by the city man or woman, to keep somewhat in touch with nature and with what nature provides. Well, don't smile at that idea. There is a life of the fields, of animals, of the woods that means something, too. Your country editor, if he owns a cheap car . . . and he always does . . . can get into the fields and woods at any time in ten minutes. He knows at least something of where what he eats comes from. The more substantial things in nature do not always come to him at second hand or in cans.

The fish may not be biting up Willard's Creek, but there are things to see, things to hear, things that can go into a country paper. There has been a storm and Farmer Pete White's field of grain is laid flat to the ground. A little talk with Pete about that doesn't hurt. You get at least some sense of the precarious life the farmer leads. There is a view to be had from the top of Shower's Hill. There is something lovely in the way a gray road winds away and loses itself among distant low hills.

That also may be written about. Why not? Your reader of a country paper isn't looking for sensations. I swear that it means something to the country editor when a farmer comes in and rather reluctantly takes a dollar-seventy-five out of his overalls' pocket. "Say, you fellows charge too much for your danged old paper," he says.

"Still and all," he says, "I guess you'd better send her out for another year. I guess we need her. I didn't know until I read that piece you wrote in the paper how darned nice that road was that goes out to my farm."

It doesn't take a lot of money to acquire a country paper. There does not need to be a big investment. And given in any one of our states even a few dozen country editors — each

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of them not necessarily intent upon reform but rather alive, not frightened by every little advertiser who comes in demanding something absurd, with a somewhat decent attitude toward his community and his readers, not trying to fry any fish of his own, having in him a little plain love of life — it is, I think, amazing what might be done.

It is entirely possible that something pretty much lost now days in the American press might be brought back. There are communal brutalities that could be checked. Such organizations as the K.K.K. never did get anywhere in any town where there was a live, courageous newspaper editor. I do not believe that lynchings would happen in such a town.

The country press of America is a job for young men and women of talent. It is a way of life and I believe, after some three years of it, that it is a good way of life. Sometimes I think that the American country press is to-day the biggest, the most pregnant, and the most overlooked opening there is in all American life for young men and women who would like to live and who while they are living would like to get a bit more fun and meaning out of their lives.

Porch-Climbers

A National Pest

Drawings by Barney Tobey

***by* LAWRENCE H. CONRAD**

We have discussed many factors that are tending to corrupt the American home, but we have somehow overlooked one of the most destructive forces of all. It is at the front door that a home is made or broken, and the whole population of America has during the present century reversed its attitude toward the front door. For our fathers and mothers, a knock or a ring was a welcome sound, to be answered with alacrity, with courtesy, with that famous thing called hospitality. With us, the door is answered suspiciously, and only after a pause during which we harden our hearts and summon all our native cunning. When our fathers answered the door, they found guests; when we answer it, we find, in more instances than not, merely another porch-climber.

Whether it is a young man working his way through college, or an old man sending his daughter to finishing school, or just an ordinary sort of man bringing you the compliments of a brush or liniment company, you may be

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sure that his appearance at your door is no casual occurrence. It is a studied thing; and though you may be very smart indeed, you are no match for the visitor. He has studied your habits; he has rehearsed his speech; he has practiced hard and long at meeting all the objections you can possibly summon. Smart men are behind him, supplying him with arguments, with openings, with advantages over you. He stands there smiling, but he is doing a cold-blooded thing, and he is pressing his advantage to the full. He will have from you the one thing he wants, though he destroy the whole meaning of your home in order to get it. And then he will go on to the next house.

There is not a home in America but has been vexed by this problem, and has been hardened in meeting it. For while you work and while you

sleep, someone out there is planning a new means of assault. It is impossible for you, householder or housewife, to keep abreast of the tricks of this trade. For some porch-climbers come in uniform, looking very official, in order to get your door open; many come wearing badges; all of them ask for you by name; a few even represent themselves as inspectors of this and that in order to get inside. Though you are privileged to call the police, you are not likely to do so. Nor would they give you protection unless a crime had been committed. The destruction of the home is not listed as a crime. So you must meet this situation alone. The net result of the whole home-selling movement has been to spread a kind of uneasiness that amounts almost to terror throughout the land.

You are supposed to be glad to see the porch-climber on your premises. He is apparently all courtesy. "Here I am," he says, with incalculable brass, "back again, to serve you further. Now this time I want you to buy such and so." The man has come down a long street, stopping at every house. He is still alive. You do not want to be more severe than your neighbors. You do not want to make a scene. His worst crime is that he has annoyed you and called you from your work. It is not his fault if he is the third annoyance

in a busy morning. To scold him about it would only prolong the interruption. So, though you are thoroughly exasperated, you treat him fairly, as you would treat any guest.

Well, he has counted upon this. He has studied psychology. He has estimated the strength of your courtesy. He has calculated your devotion to your home, your fear of your neighbors, your natural desire to be just and kind. And he plays his whole game just inside your boundaries. He has ten times the hold upon you that you can possibly have upon him. He is nothing to you, a nobody. He is a hazard fallen from the sky. He is just another of those things that regularly happen.

Standing on your porch, he has nothing to protect, nothing to hide, nothing to consider. He seizes for his advantage everything that is fine and sacred about your home, and will not release you until you have paid him the figure he names. He is something of a mendicant, something of a blackmailer, something of a browbeater. Standing outside, he can be utterly insincere down to the soles of his shoes. Standing on your own threshold, with your home behind you, you can never be; and well he knows it.

The Weaker Sex

Porch-climbers prey primarily upon women. Their hands are always in the pouch of household expenses. In most instances they ignore the man of the house, or brazenly ask him for an appointment with his wife. The wife, presumably, is less adept at turning down "opportunities." When she comes to the door, they hail her by name. Her response is immediate courtesy and hospitality. Having greeted her visitor with the assumption that he is her

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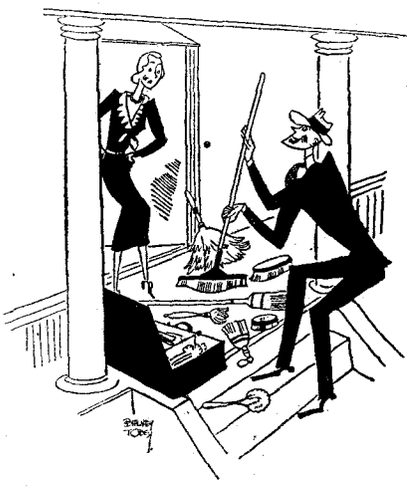
husband's cousin, she cannot, a moment later, change her voice and call him a viper. And so, if he needs to, he can proceed to be one. Though her baby may be in the bath; though her cake may be burning; though her whole household may be at that moment in a crisis, she must stand and hear this story to the end. Far from caring about her affairs, the salesman is quick to detect her concern, and to place his proposition in such a light that she had best buy and get it over.

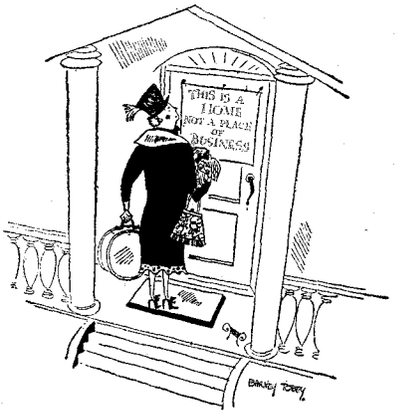
Both husbands and wives have studied ways of meeting this daily annoyance. You could refuse to answer the bell. But it might be a messenger with a telegram. You could go to the door, jerk it open, and cry out that you do not want anything. But it might be Uncle Ben running in for a chat. You could put up a sign, as farmers post their premises against hunters. But you would never do that. No; you will continue to answer the bell. And each time you do, you will find the whole duel of wits to be gone through again, with the man outside steadily winning. And at each ring of the bell, you will shudder, sigh, and drag yourself to the door. If the ring comes from a legitimate guest, you will be immediately chagrined at the suspicion you showed in opening to him.

The thing basically wrong with the whole porch-climbing racket is that it makes a place of business out of the American home. Thus it assaults the home on its weakest side. For by every rule by which it was built, and by every idea for which it stands, the home strives to be what a place of business is not. The home is almost exactly the opposite of a business office.

"Our company," the young man on the porch says proudly, "does not sell through the stores,



and does not have a store anywhere." So he proposes to make a store of your threshold, when you intended that threshold to be something quite different from a store. If he only said that his company did not supply him with a garage, and that therefore he was leaving his car in yours, that would be mere imposition. For the garage was intended, after all, for housing an automobile. But your home was put up for anything but buying and selling. Perfect strangers come and use it for a store. They give you no choice of business hours, no choice of goods to be handled in this store; and they call only when you are away at your own business office, for which you pay a handsome rental. Yet one company boasts on millions of doorsteps that it does not rent a store. And no householder to my knowledge has ever had



the discourtesy to make the obvious retort.

The second assumption upon which the racket proceeds is that no one will ever be deliberately impolite upon his own threshold.

A man of my acquaintance kept a tin egg beater just inside his door. When an agent came, this friend stopped him in the middle of his first breath, flashed the egg beater, and started his own selling spiel. "Just a moment," he would say, "I have a very fine article here that I want you to buy. It is one of the most ingenious contraptions that civilized man has devised. You just turn this crank. . . ." The agent was always insulted at the assumption that he could possibly use an egg beater, and furious at having his valuable time wasted over such a trivial matter.

But when the agent began again to urge the virtues of his can opener, some of the force always went out of his argument, and my friend was able to laugh at him while closing the door. The agent would be furious; but my friend had

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more than a hundred times as much right to sell goods at that spot as did the stranger who climbed his porch. In fact, my friend had all rights; the porch-climber had none. If the American home is to be made into a place of business, the householder should be able to say what kind of business, and should be able to derive the profit. After all, he owns the property.

Developing Sales Resistance

In general, the articles sold from door to door are things you do not need. If you would keep a large box for the deposit of such articles, you would find after a year the most laughable assortment of gadgets and appliances that you could wish to look upon. And if you would keep account of their cost, you would discover to your amazement "where the money goes to." But you would not be happy over the thought of having been imposed upon to so great a degree. You would have a box of evils that would represent a year of successful assault upon your home. There would be very little comfort in such a box.

You might say that at least you had helped a dozen boys through college. But boys smart enough to raid your petty cash drawer do not really need to go to college. Think what gigantic schemes they will engage in when they have acquired the education you are buying for them. They'll be back some day, educated. And then look out! Or you might say that you had helped some deserving men or women to keep a home together. And that is in many instances true. But you did it only by making a home less worth keeping. For just as the deserving person gets his home pulled together, and a couple of dollars ahead, someone will come up *his* porch and knock, and he'll have to stand on his own threshold and argue with a stranger who has come to claim that two dollars.

The American home has had deadly assaults from within. Some of these things cannot be helped, for times are changing, and life is changing a little. But the assault that comes from without has no real justification. Because it is thought of as a petty thing, no real stand is taken against it. But dwellers in the suburbs of large cities know that this racket has become little less than a raid. There is always a porch-climber in sight during the daylight hours, either going or coming. And we have never reached any agreement as to how to meet them. They are a threat to the integrity of the home; they threaten the integrity of legitimate business; they are demoralizing within themselves and to themselves. We dread them; we regret their existence; they have us crouching down behind our own front doors. Surely we have some weapon against this pestilence!

Some of us slam the door. But that is hard to do. And no stranger has any right to make us take a violent attitude toward our front door. The front door must reflect the home within. If we lose courtesy and hospitality, we may as well take to the woods again. Yet if we practice courtesy in the face of this invasion, the invading force will use every wile and every subterfuge in order to gain its point. You have only to answer the door twenty times in one week to realize that you are dealing with a vast and well-trained army.

There is only one thing left to do: that is sweetly and kindly to announce as a household policy — "We do not buy anything at the door." You may have to say it in six or seven ways in order to overcome the incredulity of the salesman. You may have to say, "This is a home; not a place of business." You may have to say, "Granted that your product is essential to life, that our need for it is manifest, and that you are the sole agent for it in the world — we still won't buy it. We're funny that way." You may have to say, "We are so determined in this policy that nothing could change our resolution." You may have to say, "As to your argument whether we have a right to make such a rule, will you please draw it up in legal form and send it to us by mail?" You may even have to have all this printed on a card, to be kept inside the door and handed without comment to annoying agents. And you may have to shut the door rather decisively, after all.

For the porch-climber has counted on the privilege of using your home as a sample room. It saves store rent and hotel bills. Moreover, he has counted on your being more than courteous to him. Should you fail him in either of these particulars, he will be dreadfully, dreadfully disappointed in you. But you may, by so doing, repel an organized assault upon your privacy and your home.

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"Germany Awake!"

Drawings by Esther Bruton

by S. McCLATCHIE

THERE IS shouting down the street. Several policemen mounted on motor cycles come shooting past. Soon a big army truck lumbers into view. It is loaded with black-helmeted policemen bearing rifles. Behind the truck comes a column of marching men — young men, with a grim fire of determination in their eyes, shouting and singing; young men in field-gray khaki uniforms, with arm bands bearing black swastikas. They have the air of soldiers going into battle, but they are unarmed. Their standard bearers carry red flags, in the center of which is the swastika device. The marching column is flanked by helmeted police on foot, with gun holsters strapped to their hips. Along the sidewalks, the passers-by stand to watch the spectacle.

The troops step to the beat of drums and the refrain of marching songs, punctuated by shouts of "*Deutschland erwache, Juda verrecke!*" and "*Heil Hitler!*" And to leave no doubt as to their meaning, the marchers carry banners stretched across the moving column on which are painted foot-high the words, "Germany awake, Juda perish!" and "Hail Hitler!" and "Down with the Jews!"

At the close of the column of several hundred demonstrators comes another truckload of the guardians of law and order, armed with loaded rifles. As the parade passes on down the street, the bystanders disperse and go about their affairs.

We have just seen one of the cohorts of National Socialism go by. Under heavy police protection, naturally, for if there should chance to be young and hostile Communists among the watchers, there would be all the makings of an enthusiastic riot. For Communists dislike very much the cries of "Germany awake!" and "Hail Hitler!" In fact they dislike them so much that they are prone to give vent to their feelings in a shower of stones interspersed with a few revolver shots, whenever the Nazis come marching down the street in battle array. (The people call the National Socialists "Nazis" for short.)

Of course the police are impartial. If the Communists insist on staging a similar demonstration, they are also assured of having an imposing vanguard of police for the occasion. No monarch was ever better protected than these bands of citizens of the Republic out airing their political feelings.

For this is Germany. This is Germany, where differences of opinion are not restricted to a few polite disagreements about the tariff or prohibition enforcement. This is a land which is fighting out its destiny. It is a fight to determine whether Germany is to continue as the Republic, or go over to Fascism with a dictator like Mussolini, or whether it is to become a Communist state like Russia. Up to the present, the Republic has held the strong upper hand. It may continue indefinitely to do so, if. . . .

"Germany awake!" This call sounded this past winter through a land hungry, cold, and restless. Five million unemployed walk the streets in a country impoverished by war, revolution, military occupation, inflation, and depression. Five million unemployed in a land with only half the population and but a small fraction of the national wealth possessed by our own United States. Since the war, Germany

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has not at any time been half as well off as we are to-day, right in the middle of a great depression. Germany is now contending with a depression on top of a depression. Gloom is turning to despair.

Want, restlessness, and despair are the recruiting sergeants of the army of National Socialism. In 1928 the German people elected twelve Nazis to the national Reichstag. A few months ago they elected just about nine times as many. At a bound they made this the second strongest party in the land. Another election at this time would undoubtedly put the Nazis in first place. The program of these Nationalist radicals calls for a dictatorship, the scrapping of the Treaty of Versailles, the stoppage of reparations payments, repression of the Jews, and the creation of a large German army. If the world depression continues to engulf Germany and fill her people with despair, the Nazis will find it easy to seize the government and start putting their plan into effect.

The German Mussolini

THE MAN behind National Socialism, the would-be Mussolini of Germany, is Adolf Hitler. Strangely enough, this Hitler is not even a German citizen. He is an Austrian by birth. In the World War he chanced to serve with Bavarian troops, and after the conflict he made Bavaria his home. His service under the German colors should, according to the law of the land, have made him a German citizen. But there has been a hitch somewhere. Political enemies have kept the leader of German Fascism practically a man without a country. He is thus prevented from leading his party in the Reichstag, but he manages more than to make up for this by fiery speeches before great party rallies held all over the land.

Like Mussolini, Hitler served as a private and petty officer in the war. In both of these men the war wrought a spiritual revolution. It was the sort of revolution which upset the lives of all the soldiers. The men in the trenches unlearned the lessons of their youth. They learned that the highest duty is not that of peaceful citizenship, but that of battle for the Fatherland. For long years they hugged the naked earth, familiar only with the stark realities of life and death. This spiritual transformation, which makes a soldier out of a peaceable burgher, is best described in Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. This book also shows vividly the difficulty experienced by the soldiers in readapting themselves to civilian life after years in the trenches. Yet the vast majority of the returning soldiers managed sooner or later to reassume the guise of humdrum citizens.

To a few men, this second transformation was impossible. After the peace they continued to live in the atmosphere of militarism and devotion to their country's cause. They looked on uncomprehendingly while other men laid aside the enthusiasm and discipline of wartime. They saw the need of action in the face of these threats. The fire of patriotism and devotion which spurred on whole nations to four years of superhuman effort still burned in these men. Such men were Mussolini and Hitler. Both discovered that they had the gift of firing others to the old patriotic fervor through rousing speeches. They gradually assembled a band of enthusiastic followers. That following grew as peace conditions proved more and more intolerable.

Among the hot-headed Italians, quick to action, events moved with surprising rapidity. Communism soon threatened to overthrow the state. Workers seized factories, and in many quarters industry came nearly to a standstill. Parliament was impotent, the government powerless. Here Mussolini, with his army of Black Shirts, stepped in. They marched on Rome and, overnight, the patriotic military dictatorship was established.

Among the cooler-blooded Germans in the cloudy north, events have moved more slowly. It has taken many years for the Fascism of Hitler to gather momentum. But although stretched over a longer period of time, the march of events in Germany is similar to the train of circumstances which put Mussolini into power in Italy.

The recent German elections came about as a result of the impotency of parliament. The President had dissolved the old Reichstag because it got nowhere and could agree to nothing, even in the face of the most urgent need for action to save the country from bankruptcy. The crisis was bridged over only by giving the Cabinet dictatorial powers. The elections, which were supposed to bring some solution for parliamentary difficulties, have only made matters worse. For years the

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Communists have been gaining in power and boldness. The elections swept them back into the Reichstag with a forty per cent increase in representation. They are now the third largest party in the Reich. The people sent back the Nazis with an eight hundred per cent increase of power, thus making of them the second strongest party. One hundred and seven Nazis now sit over against seventy-six Communists in a wildly tumultuous Reichstag. Only a hairbreadth majority can be summoned by the middle parties to support any sort of a conservative government.

If business should pick up in Germany in the near future, the hopes of the people will be revived and serious trouble averted. But if present conditions long continue, there will certainly be an uprising of radical elements, driven by want and despair to violent action. In such an event the Nazis will naturally appear upon the scene as the saviors of the country. The Hitler army will march in force upon Berlin and try to seize the government. Hitler protests that he intends using only legal methods. But this profession does not cast any doubt on the course which the Nazis will pursue in the event of a general breakdown of the long-tried German patience.

Revolt in a Beer Hall

Once before Hitler took advantage of a German crisis to stage an attempt against the government. It was in the fall of 1923. The French had seized the heart of Germany's industry, the Ruhr basin. The Reich retaliated by stopping all work in this section, and paying the workers to stay at home, so that the French would gain nothing from their occupation. In order to pay for this program of passive resistance, the printing presses were kept busy night and day turning out bank notes. The inflation grew by leaps and bounds. It wiped out capital and wages alike. A week's earnings would not buy a loaf of bread by the time the next pay day came around. In July the dollar was worth 100,000 paper marks, in August it was worth millions, in September billions, in October trillions. It was a wild dance with Chaos.

And at the height of the debacle, Hitler staged his spectacular revolt in Munich. After a wildly patriotic session in one of the great beer halls for which that city is famous, Hitler proceeded with General Ludendorf at the head of a band of Nationalist followers, prepared for the march on Berlin. The columns of Fascism met with a sharp check. The police and the regular troops in Munich opened fire on the practically unarmed mutineers. In a few hours the uprising was subdued. But a shudder of misgiving and unrest went through the land. Wild rumors circulated. I shall never forget that day when groups of silent citizens gathered around the billboards and read the proclamation of the government, which gave assurance that the uprising had been quelled.

The paper mark was soon thereafter stabilized at 4,200,000,000,000 to the dollar. The country began to breathe more easily, and so the frightful nightmare of inflation passed into history. In the following year the gold standard was reintroduced, and business gradually pulled itself out of the débris. Germany cherished the hope that her worst trials were now over and that she could henceforth look forward to slow but sure recovery.

Hitler was forgotten by most people. But Hitler did not forget. He had to serve a prison sentence for his escapade, but when he came out he again took up his firebrand mission. "Germany awake, Germany awake!" he kept on crying. And his following grew year by year. It increased more rapidly as it became evident that the expected recovery was not only slow but also uncertain. For by 1928 the improvement came to a standstill. Business wavered and started on the downgrade.

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The nation had been deluding itself as to the real state of affairs. The outward show of increasing prosperity had been kept up by a stream of gold from America. The state, the municipalities, the factories, and the merchants borrowed billions of dollars from Wall Street. With this credit in their pockets, the Germans staged an economic recovery which surprised the world. But the flow of capital from across the sea could not go on forever. The day of reckoning had to come. The Germans woke up to realize that they had been selling themselves to America.

Take for instance the electrical industry. America acquired a half interest in the German General Electric Company. It acquired a one-third interest in the great rival concern of Siemens and Halske. The American Telephone and Telegraph interests took over bodily a whole series of German concerns operating in their field. Many German companies are actually being run by Americans. A considerable part of German industry is operating largely for the benefit of stockholders in the United States. Germany destroyed her liquid capital in war and inflation. She could save herself only by becoming the servant of foreign capitalists.

But even the inflow of American money did not suffice to insure recovery. For capital was not all that Germany lost through the war. She lost her colonies, she lost large provinces to France and Poland, and, above all, she lost some of her most important markets. The pre-war trade with Russia was vital. Russia supplied Germany with cheap grain, lumber, leather, eggs, and other natural products, and in return took German machinery and all sorts of industrial products. Now all that is changed, and Russia is rapidly preparing under her Five-Year Plan to become one of Germany's greatest industrial rivals. Many a German shakes his head and says, "Nothing will make up for the loss of our Russian market."

In other neighboring lands there is a similar story. Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Holland, and many more are becoming self-sufficient and erecting protective tariff walls. Take one little example. Before the war, Holland depended on Germany for her electrical goods. To-day the Dutch have one of the world's largest electrical concerns. Thi is the firm of Philips, which employs over one hundred thousand workers. Philips now supplies not only the needs of Holland, but is a fierce competitor of Germany throughout the world.

German investors have been in the best position to appreciate their own country's precarious economic position and the advantages of investment in more stable neighboring lands. The result has been a flight of capital out of Germany, which has long been troubling German economists and politicians. While the Americans have been pouring money into Germany, her own citizens have been sending their capital out of the land. There seems to be no effective way to stop this loss. Capital is the most intangible of realities. There is no net which will hold it back. The only effective check is general confidence, and this is just the thing that is lacking.

The Attack on Capitalism

With five million unemployed and the gloomiest business outlook, Hitler's call, "Germany awake!" falls on very fertile ground. Germany has gone far on the path of disillusionment since that hectic beer-hall night in Munich in 1923. Hitler's party has fed on this despair and has grown from an inconsiderable band of hot-heads to a great national following. When Hitler strikes again for the dictatorship, it will take more than a street skirmish to stop him. He has the support of millions.

What program for betterment has Hitler to offer? Here is the would-be dictator's weakest point. The man has ardor and enthusiasm aplenty. But he is no economic expert or statesman with a carefully worked-out prescription for German ills. If he were a hard-headed expert in affairs of state and business, he would be far less sure of himself. Every man of affairs in Germany sees the complicated practical

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difficulties which stand in the way of recovery. But what hard-headed business man or economist in 1914 could have foreseen or believed in the stupendous accomplishments of the nations during the four years of war? People accomplish incredible things when they are fired with enthusiasm and fear. Hitler would kindle the German people with the enthusiasm to do wonders. He cries "Germany awake!" and counts on an aroused nation somehow to find salvation.

However, Hitler has in his platform one plank about which he is very sure and in deadly earnest. He would take away the power of the Jews. The Nazis are rabid anti-Semites. "Juda perish!" is the second half of their battle cry. It is the first article of their creed.

The meaning of this sinister cry which calls for persecution of the Jews is not far to seek. In the first place, humanity has always needed scapegoats and lightning rods. The Jewish race offers the most convenient point for Nationalist wrath to strike. Somebody in Germany has to be to blame for Germany's troubles. The pent-up disappointments and hatreds of years demand an outlet. But why pick on the Jews? They are industrious, law-abiding people, very loyal to the Republic, engaged in making a living in the face of difficulties, like everybody else. What offense have they committed? The answer is, of course, none in particular.

Yet the Jews commit the unpardonable offense of standing for something which is foreign and hateful to blood-and-soil Germanism. They stand for capitalism and the rule of gold. The Germans have never played bankers to the world, as have England, France, and America. Money-mindedness is essentially foreign to them. They are a race still strongly rooted in the soil. To the land-minded, capitalism is always hateful. See how the westerner in this country distrusts, resents, and hates Wall Street. The Jews make up the Wall Street of Germany.

Take for instance the German workers. They are all Socialists or Communists. Socialism has its main origin in Germany, in the writings of Karl Marx. The workers are still at heart farmers' sons, with no understanding of the abstract economic force called capitalism. They feel themselves oppressed by industrialism, and they strike back blindly at what they sense to be the power behind the machine, which is the rule of gold. The attack on capitalism contained in Hitler's threat against the Jews is a direct bid for the labor vote.

Moreover, the whole German race feels itself ground down by the rule of foreign capital. How does it happen that a little band of bankers can sit in Paris and work out a Dawes Plan or a Young Plan which commits the German people to generations of servitude to foreign creditors? This race with the soul of the farmer cannot at heart accept such a transaction. It does not think in terms of money and credits, but in terms of land and labor and goods. The reparations settlement is a bankers' settlement, which can be understood only by a nation of bankers. Germany has never at heart accepted it, and it never will.

But the German Jews have the money-mindedness of an ancient race. They support the reparations settlement. To them it is a natural transaction, like any piece of business. It is just a matter of paying so much a year for the privilege of doing business as usual and keeping out of trouble with one's neighbors. This sort of thing is old stuff to the Jews. But it is not to the Teutons, and the old Germanic blood rebels; it rebels against a transaction which is felt to be typically Jewish. Here again, the Jew is the convenient scapegoat.

And how does it come that Wall Street has the right to walk in and say, "Now your industries belong to us. We have given you capital to carry on business, and we will draw dividends from this capital. Henceforth you will work for us." The German business man understands the need of credits from abroad; it is all a part of the modern game of economics. But the heart of the German people is not in this game. The German John Smith would say, "The land belongs to us and to our children. We built the factories here, it is our labor which produces the goods we sell. This is all ours, for we made it what it is with our hands. We know

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no Wall Street, we acknowledge no capitalism."

Here again the Jew stands for the transaction by which the ownership of German industries is passing over to foreigners. To him it is simply a piece of business. It enables him to live and carry on with his neighbors. But the German race is at the bottom of its heart resentful. So Hitler cries, "Down with the Jews!" By this he means, "Down with Wall Street, down with the rule of gold and this whole un-German rigmarole of credits and reparations, which is nothing but an excuse for enslaving the German race!"

Our own Henry Ford is a beautiful example of a man after the German manner. He too thinks in terms of land and labor and goods, and not in terms of capital and credits. Some years ago he involved himself in the inconsistency of needing outside capital to carry on his business. He went to Wall Street, and promptly got into a quarrel with the bankers. This was inevitable. For no matter how many millions of dollars' worth of factories Ford may own, or how many billions of dollars' worth of goods he may produce, he is no capitalist. The banker's spirit is foreign to him. So he proceeded to vent his wrath upon the Jews. For years he carried on a campaign against them, until finally a member of the race caught him up on a minor point and squelched him in court. This example of Henry Ford shows how easy it is to identify Judaism with capitalism or Wall Street money-mindedness. For the Jews everywhere sit in the high places of the banking world.

There is a particularly clever turn to the anti-Semitism of Hitler. He is opposed to capitalism, yet he needs the support of capitalists. The Nazi Party is supported largely by contributions from men of wealth. The Socialists attack capital as such, and hence deprive themselves of all possibility of support from financiers. The National Socialists only attack the Jews, who symbolize the spirit of capitalism. And there are plenty of German captains of industry of the Ford type, to whom money-mindedness is foreign. There are plenty of such men to whom Jews are hated business rivals. So Hitler, with his anti-Semitism, manages to get the support of both employers and employees. This may all seem quite inconsistent, but it is nevertheless clever politics.

Hitler emphasizes his pet bogey by the use of the swastika as the special symbol of National Socialism. This sign was common among the old Germanic tribes. It was also adopted by the old German Nationalist Party, which under the Kaiser was the chief party in power and which still has a large following. By virtue of its being a symbol of blood-and-soil Germanism, the swastika is also an anti-Semitic token. So this black swastika on the Nazi banner stands for Germanism as opposed to Judaism, and makes an appeal to all the old conservatives and nationalists. Yet at the same time, the Nazi flag is red, like the flags of the Socialists and Communists. Hitler thus appeals also to the workers. It looks like fence-straddling; and yet there is a common bond between the Nationalist swastika and the Socialist red, for both symbols express the inborn German hatred of capitalism.

The U. S. Will Foot the Bill

The platform of the Nazi Party has ten main planks, and seven of these are directed against the rule of gold. The measures proposed against capitalism are as follows:

1. Abrogation of the Young Plan and stoppage of reparations payments.
2. Government ownership of trusts and department stores.
3. Socialization of industry in the interests of the workers.
4. Exploitation of the land for the common good.
5. Abolition of unearned income.
6. Death penalty for usury.
7. Repression, disfranchisement, and possibly expulsion of the Jews.

The three remaining planks are imperialistic. They call for:

1. Unification of Germany and Austria (forbidden by Versailles Treaty).
2. Restoration of German colonies.
3. Creation of a large standing army.

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Some of these propositions sound like the mouse's proposal to bell the cat. Some of them have the usual haziness of party planks. But through them all runs the feeling that land, labor, and goods are the basis of life, that capitalism is parasitical, and that it is the duty of the state to take over the functions of the capitalists and to enlarge and glorify Germany.

The bitterest enemies of the Nazis are the Communists. Bloody street fighting between the two is a daily occurrence in Germany. Yet the aims of both these radical parties are much the same. Both march under the red banner of Socialism. Both would destroy the power of capitalism. Both are for the communization of land and industry. Both are militaristic. Only differences of phrase separate the basic ideas of the two. The Communists so word their doctrines that they appeal only to the working class. Hitler cleverly words his program so that he gets the support of industrialists and landowners, as well as of large numbers of workers. He does this under the cover of anti-Semitism, which is of course foreign to the Communists.

Certainly Communism would go much further in the socialization of land and industry than would Hitler, but the difference is one of degree. The Communists are internationalists, whereas the Nazis call themselves Nationalists. Yet in practical politics these differences mean only that the one party would seek alliance with Russia, whereas the other would ally Germany with Italy. Undoubtedly Communism favors the factory worker much more than does National Socialism. The interests of the latter are largely agrarian. But still, the bitter hostility between the two camps is paradoxical.

This all goes to show that but one thing is uppermost in the minds of all the restless and disillusioned Germans: capitalism must go. Germany is red, and is getting redder all the time. The three largest parties, Socialist, Nazi, and Communist, which together represent the majority of the people, are all red. So, whether you like it or not, you must face the fact that one more great nation is going over to Karl Marx.

If the Nazis should succeed in seizing the reins of power in Germany, how would this affect her neighbors and the United States? One of Hitler's first acts would be to repudiate the Treaty of Versailles and stop the reparations payments. He would start enlarging the German army and he would annex Austria. Some of the major industries now working with foreign capital would be nationalized.

All this means naturally the smashing of a lot of porcelain in the European china closet. France would be inclined to rise up in arms against the impiety of laying hands on the Treaty and of cutting off her reparations. On the other hand, this inclination would be powerfully cooled by the Italian support, which would certainly fall to a Fascist Germany. England would undoubtedly follow a policy of hands off. Russia is too busy with her Five-Year Plan to interfere. France would be supported only by her weak Eastern allies — Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Serbia. The times are not ripe for another European conflict. Rather than risk war, France would probably finally put up with the Nazi insult.

In the end, the United States would doubtless foot the bill. In view of the upset, our former allies would probably find it convenient to discontinue debt payments. The arrangement would have its compensations for Europe as a whole. The money collected from Germany flows largely into American coffers anyway. It is our capital mainly which is tied up there. So the Juda at which Hitler is aiming would in the end turn out to be chiefly Wall Street, that alley of iniquity which so displeases our own Fords and farmers.

Once having seized the dictatorship and put into force some of his pet measures, Hitler would probably, like Mussolini, subside into the role of a conservative, if rather loud-mouthed, patriot, urging his country on to

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the achievement of bigger and better things.

We are all naturally averse to upsets, yet I am not especially fearful of the results of a Nazi revolution. It might cost us some money in the way of debt cancellation, yet have not our own bankers been advising such a measure as the best way to stabilize world business and better our foreign trade?* After all, there is an important grain of truth in the Hitlerite doctrines. We do not live by money and credits, but by the goods we produce, sell, and consume. Europe will remain restive and disordered as long as the problem of reparations and debts hangs over her head. The present peace is but a sham so long as armed victors continue dictating to a disarmed Germany. The Treaty obligates both victors and vanquished to disarmament. If the former disregard their part of the obligation, they need not feel shocked if Germany sets out disregarding hers.

The world will be disturbed by any German upset, yet on the other hand it will be soothed by the final liquidation of the war which Hitler would bring about with his rough and ready Nationalist measures.

Americans Are Queer

by STEPHEN LEACOCK

AMERICANS are queer people: they can't rest. They have more time, more leisure, shorter hours, more holidays, and more vacations than any other people in the world. But they can't rest. They rush up and down across

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

their continent as tourists; they move about in great herds to conventions; they invade the wilderness, they flood the mountains, they keep the hotels full. But they can't rest. The scenery rushes past them. They learn it, but they don't see it. Battles and monuments are announced to them in a rubberneck bus. They hear them, but they don't get them. They never stop moving; they rush up and down as Shriners, Masons, Old Graduates, Bankers — they are a new thing each day, always rushing to a reunion or something.

So they go on rushing about till eventually the undertaker gathers them in to a last convention.

AMERICANS are queer people: they can't read. They have more schools, and better schools, and spend more money on schools and colleges than all Europe. But they can't read. They print more books in one year than the French print in ten. But they can't read. They cover their country with 100,000 tons of Sunday newspapers every week. But they don't read them. They're too busy. They use them for fires and to make more paper with. They

buy eagerly thousands of new novels at two dollars each. But they read only page one. Their streets are full of huge signs. They won't look at them. Their street cars are filled with advertising; they turn their eyes away. Trans-

* See James Truslow Adams' "The War Debts," in this issue (page 200).

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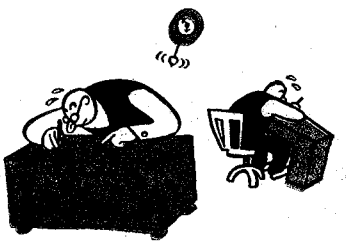
parent colors, cart wheels, and mechanical flares whirl and flicker in the crowded streets at night. No one sees them. Tons of circulars pour through the mails, through the houses, and down the garbage chute. The last American who sat down to read died in the days of Henry Clay.

AMERICANS are queer people: they can't drink. All of the American nation is haunted. They have a fierce wish to be sober; and they can't. They pass fierce laws against themselves, shut themselves up, chase themselves, shoot themselves; and they can't stay sober and they can't drink. They have a furious idea that if they can ever get sober, they can do big things. But they can't hold it. They got this mentality straight out of home life in Ohio, copied from the wild spree and the furious repentance of the pioneer farmer. The nation keeps it yet. It lives among red specters, rum

devils, broken bottles, weeping children, penitentiary cells, barrooms, poison hooch, and broken oaths.

AMERICANS are queer people: they can't play. Americans rush to work as soon as they get up. They want their work as soon as they wake. It is a stimulant — the only one they're not afraid of. They used to open their offices at ten o'clock; then at nine; then at eight; then at seven. Now they never shut them. Every business in America is turning into an open-all-day-and-night business. They eat all night, dance all night, build buildings all night, make a noise all night. They can't play. They try to, but they can't. They turn football into a fight, baseball into a lawsuit, and yachting into machinery. They can't play. The little children can't play; they use mechanical toys instead — toy cranes hoisting toy



loads, toy machinery spreading a toy industrial depression of infantile dullness. The grown-up people can't play: they use a mechanical gymnasium and a clockwork horse. They can't swim: they use a float. They can't run: they use a car. They can't laugh: they hire a comedian and watch him laugh.

AMERICANS are queer people: they don't give a damn. All the world criticizes them and they don't give a damn. All the world writes squibs like this about them and they don't give a damn. Foreign visitors come and write them up; they don't give a damn. Lecturers lecture at them; they don't care. They are told they have no art, no literature, and no soul. They never budge. Moralists cry over them, criminologists dissect them, writers shoot epigrams at them, prophets foretell the end of them; and they never move. Seventeen brilliant books analyze them every month; they don't read them. The Europeans threaten to unite against them; they don't mind. Equatorial Africa is dead sour on them; they don't even know it. The Chinese look on them as full of Oriental cunning; the English accuse them of British stupidity; the Scotch call them close-fisted; the Italians say they are liars; the French think their morals loose; the Bolsheviks accuse them of Communism.

But that's all right. The Americans don't give a damn; don't need to — never did need to. That is their salvation.

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Rodeo

Two Etchings

by

THOMAS HANDFORTH

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Benito

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Rising Above the Market

by **GERTRUDE MACK**

I

On a foggy afternoon late in November, 1929, my husband came home to tell me that his firm had been cleaned out. He was thirty-two and I was thirty. We had two little children, and our household included in addition a man and two maids who depended for their living on us. Up to that time we had been sitting carelessly on top of the world.

I was on my way downstairs when I heard his key. I was just going to the garage to back out the roadster, put Peter and Mary — aged five and seven respectively — on the seat beside me, and meet his usual train. He was always the first one off the step, as impatient as the children. Now he came in quietly. His face was set; it looked hard. He did not ask for the children, who were having supper. He just said, "Hello, dear," and went up the stairs slowly, like an old man. When he reached the top he went into his room and shut the door.

My heart turned over and sank. It is hard now to recall that sense of utter disaster. I wasn't afraid of anything that might have happened. I only knew that the man I loved was suffering and that I could do nothing about it. The children came tumbling in, Mary screaming "Where's Daddy?" I listened. He did not call them. So I sent them upstairs with their nurse to their own rooms. I sat on the stairs and waited.

At last I went to him. He was sitting very still in his big chair. He was not even smoking. He did not look at me. Finally he said, "Well, honey, I'm not so smart as I thought I was. We're broke. The company will be on the rocks in a day or two at the most. I put up everything I had. But what can you do, with conditions as they are now? We haven't any money, we haven't any business." After a minute he looked at me and said, "I'm sorry, dear." That seemed to me the saddest thing of all.

He had been worried over business, but not, I believed, very seriously. I had not given the matter much thought. Men got the hard end of things when it came to financial responsibility, just as women did when it came to having children. All men fussed about expenses, but things always worked out all right. They would now, I was sure.

In short, I had perfect confidence that he would get things going again in a few weeks. I told him so. "We needn't spend so much for a while," I said. "Spend so much!" he answered. "Hell, we can't spend anything! We haven't anything."

We had been living on a rising market. Bob had a very good position in a broker's office — in fact since he had made money he had a financial interest in the firm. In about equal ratio he and I had put on extra expenses that the regular income would not supply. So he had taken a flier in a soaring market. He had ridden it like a sparrow on a hawk's back. He had thought at first that it was risky but that he would make enough to meet his bills and then get out.

But for five gorgeous years that bull market carried the speculator. Bob had turned his winnings over and over, making a steady profit. In the summer months he found himself almost independently wealthy. The margin was wide, so wide that its lower figure would never be reached without long warning. So he thought, until he saw his stocks fall twenty and thirty points in a day, like a barometer before a hurricane. He had taken in all the big sail and tried to scud for cover. But it was too late. We were in for it now.

II

I woke up in the morning intending to run in to town to buy a fur coat for Mary.

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Then I remembered, just as if I had tripped over one of those strings little boys tie across the sidewalk from tree to tree. I tripped over being hard up a good many times before I got used to it.

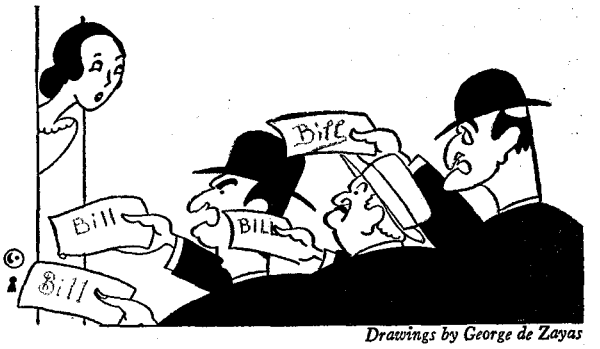
"I can let Ellen go," I said to Bob as we were dressing. "I can take care of Pete. I could even let Frieda go and cook for a while." "Oh no, you couldn't let them go," he said. "Not yet. We can't pay them. But give them two weeks' notice and I'll manage it by then." As he left for the office he added, "Remember, don't charge anything. Not even an egg."

After Ellen had started off to school with the children, I sat down to plan. I never failed to order directly after breakfast, and I ordered well. As I took the receiver off the hook I suddenly realized that Bob had told me not to charge anything, and that the tradespeople might suffer for my irresponsibility if I did. I think it was the first time I ever felt really responsible for my acts in connection with money. It made me feel a little sick.

I put down the telephone and determined to go out marketing later. I would begin by giving the girls notice. I knew they would feel it. Ellen loved the children, and Frieda had been with us a long time. I expected regret, perhaps even resentment. But I was not prepared for what I saw in Ellen's eyes. It was fear. She was out of a job. She would have no money to send to her home in Ireland. I always gave her her Christmas money a month ahead so she could send it home. "Thank you, M'm," she would say. "It'll be a hard winter in Ireland." It was always a hard winter in Ireland.

I thought of her family as I looked at Ellen. Frieda's face was a dull red. They went out and consulted together, as restless as horses in a burning stable. They came back and told me they would leave that afternoon. They must look for work. I had fifty dollars in my purse. They had just been paid. I gave them twenty apiece to go on, and they went off to pack.

Then I went downtown to market. When I came home I found a roll of Mary's dresses in the kitchen, dampened and waiting for Ellen. I ironed them. The kitchen was very cheerful, with the sun pouring in the windows. Frieda's rocker with the red and blue cushion sat waiting too. As I finished I saw the girls standing in the doorway making embarrassed signs of farewell. "I wouldn't wait to see Mary and



Drawings by George de Zayas

Peter," said Ellen. "I couldn' t do it. Tell them I'll come to see them when I find a place." They looked around. This, I realized suddenly, was their home. They left, Frieda's stout figure making light of the heavy bag she carried, and Ellen's thin frame sagging with the suitcase.

I went upstairs and wrote to Fred, our man. He was at home with a sick wife. I told him to sign off, with two weeks' pay which my husband would send him. I did not let my mind dwell on the sick wife.

III

No matter how great the catastrophe, there is a sense of relief when it has really happened. You meet the challenge with a certain gallantry. For a while this spirit carried us on. The firm went on the rocks and broke up. My husband rented a small office and set up for himself as a bond salesman, taking with him one of his subordinates. He reorganized, planned, worked harder than ever in his life. I did what had been done in my house by three people. I adhered to the children's schedule. I marketed with the utmost care. I tried to find out what were wise economies in food and what were not. For a while I had to make them, wise or not! I made up my mind that this was a job and that I would do it as it had never been done before. I had never been put in a position that called for my reserves of strength and sense.

Then things began to prey on us. Word of our financial troubles got around. We did not trade at the same shops. One night as we were sitting down to dinner the grocer appeared at the door. The children ran out to see him. There was no refusing to talk to him. And we could not pay him. One afternoon a ratty-looking individual appeared on the lawn. He was a collector for a specialty shop. I told him Bob was not at home. He said he would wait. I let our police dog out and the man went away.

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But it was plain that we would have to deal with our creditors somehow. Collectors bothered Bob at the office. It got them nothing, and it hurt him.

All this ate into our courage, already worn down by work. We had not been used to hard work, either of us. Bob's business had been the kind that depended on personal contacts. You know what personal contacts are. You can make them at lunch or on the golf course just as well as at the office, often better. Now his friends were hard up too. He had to get out and hunt for business.

And the long strain of housework began to tell on me. I tried to live as we had been living; we were merely camping out in a holiday spirit, as it were, for a little while, in our own home. But I found it was not a holiday. I remember the day when I finally admitted to myself that the only way to make a kitchen floor clean is to get down and scrub it. (That was the day I took to cerise lipstick. Lipstick is a badge of courage. When you cannot go on any longer you use it and a new, gay creature looks out of the mirror at you. You may have to clean a kitchen, but you are a wild woman. It is an escape, as truly as drink.)

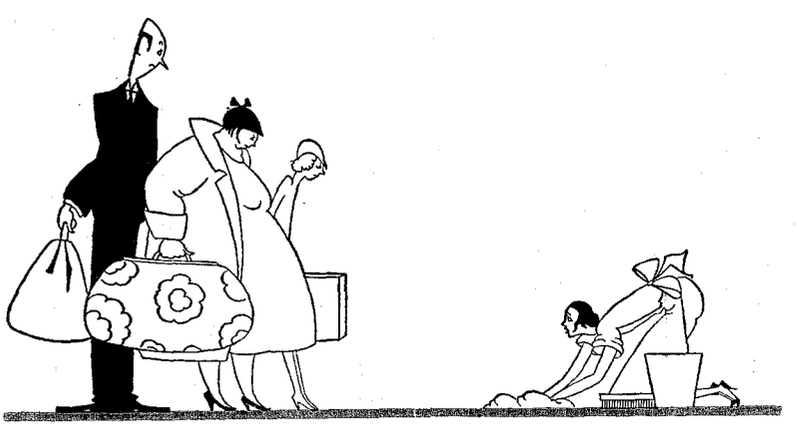
After a while I learned to let things go a little. Often I shut a door on a room that I was too tired to clean. One night I fell asleep sewing on something for Mary. I pricked myself awake. After that I did not bother with so many dainty dresses. The care of the children entailed just so many hours a day, and on those I never cheated. I wish I could say that I taught the children to take care of their own things. I didn't. It was quicker to do things myself.

But I learned not to slave for them. One day Peter walked in and, sticking out a sturdy little foot, said, "Shine my shoes." He looked indignant when I told him that people took care of their own things. "Ellen shines 'em," he said. Meeting his outraged expression, I could only think of the Little Jesus of Francis Thompson's poem, who wakes distressed on earth to find "Not an angel there to dress me!" One day I gave up an engagement to finish a dress for Mary. Bob told her that she should be very nice to me for having done so. "Oh," she said complacently, "Mother *likes* to do things for me." After that I asked more of them and did less. They learned to run like bunnies when it was necessary. But the relentless march of events — getting breakfast, peeling vegetables, eyeing the dishes and finally getting at them — went on just the same.

And the strain of worry over money wore us down. We had not realized it would be such a long siege. We bought no clothes, we spent nothing on parties, but three meals a day came around with terrible regularity, and literally there were some days when we did not know how we were going to pay for them and when they were not the kind we were used to at all. I faced for the first time the fact that money was not only hard to get, but that you might work hard and not get it.

And I began to worry over Bob. I was afraid he might lose his hold on things. I saw that the whole future of the family depended on his morale.

I was brought to a realization of this by the example of two of the men who had gone down in the crash with him. One had a drab little wife who took naturally to trouble. She crawled back into it like a canary reëntering its cage. Her brief taste of prosperity had been an unexpected interlude in a life of dreary mediocrity. Her husband accepted her attitude. He regarded a meager income and a tiny home as his lot for the rest of life. The other man did not. He took to drink as an escape. You saw him at people's houses, sullen, with a chip on his shoulder. His wife, not knowing how to handle the situation, also began to drink. The passivity, the broken courage of the first man, and the sullen, defiant attitude of the second frightened me almost equally. I had no intention of letting Bob accept his trouble as failure. It was due to a mistake, a bad and stupid



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error in judgment, but it was the error of a whole country!

He had courage. I could not have remade his nature and given him that. But I think I could have undermined it if I had not believed in him, and I could have weakened it if I had nagged or lamented. In all these hard months we have never had a dispute over money. We have never spent any amount without talking it over together. Once we overheard two friends of ours whom we knew were hard up quarreling about the cost of something. We looked at each other. We said, "Let's never get angry over money."

One night I came home and told Bob about a fur coat one of my friends had bought. He was tired. When I finished his eyes were full of tears. I knew then that we mustn't let ourselves get sentimental over our deprivations. I said, "There isn't any little old mink or rabbit skin in the world that means enough to me to be worth making you feel badly. But sometimes I wish I could get things that I can't. I reserve the right to mention it without your feeling sorry. Then you'll know I am not thinking a thing more than I say. It's a safety valve, and you mustn't be silly about it." Sometimes this matter has come up again, when one of us couldn't give the other a Christmas or a birthday present. But we've learned that when one's fellow's eyes are full of tears the other one must make light of it, and then they'll both have to laugh. And both will have tears in their eyes, too, but that's all right.

So I tried to keep up Bob's morale by being light-hearted, and by telling him what a grand lad he was. And I meant it. Any man who, with the responsibility of a family, can go through business losses which wipe out his source of income and his fortune at once, and go downtown the next morning and start right in again, is just a lion for courage, and deserves a lion's share of spoiling at home.

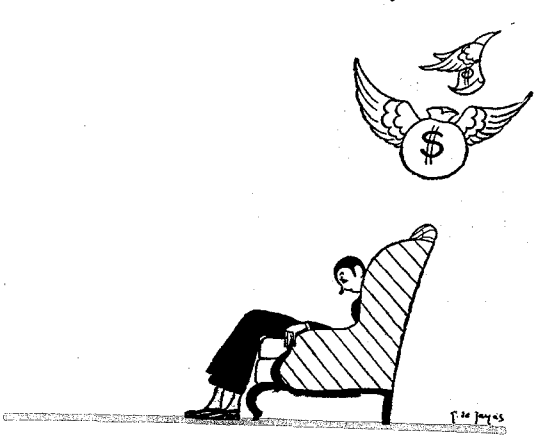
IV

We could be light-hearted together, we could have got along on nothing and taken it all as an adventure, but it was not so easy to be gay when it came to the children. We felt very strongly that they must not suffer for this, and yet that we must not sacrifice too much for them or keep them from contact with reality. I had often felt that some children — even those much older than mine — lost out in the experiences of life because they were kept from knowledge of life. Tenderness, capacity for feeling, depth — how can they have them when they are sent away whenever anything real happens?

Yet we realized too that children are entitled to a sense of security in their background. Divorce works havoc because it destroys that sense, and various friends have told me that financial losses in their families have made them victims of the well-known inferiority complex. It seemed to us that if this was so, it must have been because the family took disaster as disgrace. I refused therefore to allow Mary and Peter to think that Bob was to blame for the change in our financial status, although I explained to them that we had lost a great deal of money and must be careful for a while. I pointed out to them that we were suffering from the effects of a general depression very much as one would in wartime, and that many others were suffering from it too.

One of my smart friends sacrificed everything to keep up appearances. She and her husband and children lived in a little three room apartment. It was without sunshine, but it was in the best street in town. The children had lovely clothes, but they had neither sunshine nor quiet, or even privacy. They did not have enough good food, although the mother would not have believed you had you told her so. Those years will show up in their later life, I am convinced, just as surely as the years in which there were no fats are telling now on the lives of the young men and women who were babies in war-stricken Europe.

We tried to replace their sense of security by courage, by a sense of adequacy. Whatever had to be done, we would show them that we could fall to and do it. There are days in a house,



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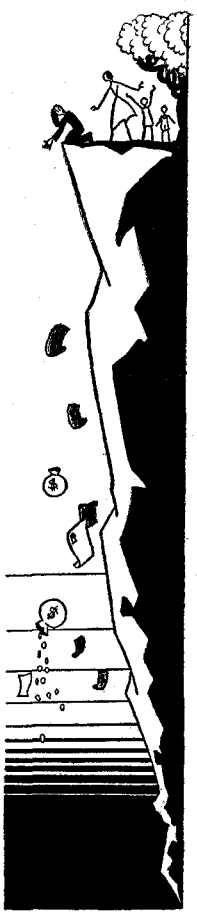
just as there are in an office, when one has to do the impossible. There were days when I did it, and the children helped. Whatever they undertook I let them carry through. They built a dam in the back yard which actually diverted a brook into what had been the garden. It was the work of days, and represented a real triumph in effort and concentration. It gave them a tiny skating pond. They had worked on their world so as to alter it and make it meet their demands.

Another mistake which I saw other people making and tried to avoid was that of unnecessarily depriving the children of certain things only to satisfy a hidden cruelty. A few of the people we knew emphasized their temporary poverty by taking away their children's pleasures. So we saw to it that ours always had a little spending money in their pockets. There's nothing like money in the pocket!



And yet — with all the good sense we could muster, we could not keep those years from marking our children. And that was the pity of that senseless change in our lives. I was too tired to give them the really good care they should have had. Bob was too worried to be always ready to play with them. They lost companionship, they lost a little of their strength. Whether they lost anything more far-reaching in influence I cannot tell as yet, but I doubt that any magic formula could turn that blow into a blessing.

The months went by, and we made no money — no more than enough to keep the office open. Should I try to earn something? I could hire someone to clean, and while the children were in school I could get myself a job in somebody's "shoppe." But I knew that it would hurt Bob more than it would help him.

Yet we had not only our current expenses that must be met, but back bills for a month or two before the crash, the life insurance, and the payments on the house. The house could be sold, but it would be a forced sale, at a time when there was very little ready money about. The payments on the life insurance were due in a few days, and the payments on the mortgage. And we had no money to meet them. Bob felt that now if ever the family needed protection, when he had no reserve funds. He found by consulting his broker that he could surrender his policies, get some money back, and take out term insurance. This was good only for five years, but he expected to be on his feet by then. It gave us money to pay our premiums on the new term insurance, and more.

But it did not give us enough to meet the debt on the house. I had a pair of diamond eardrops which had belonged to my great-grandmother. They were very large and beautiful stones. My great-grandfather had brought them home from the Mexican War, had ridden up on horseback to her house — a tired, eager man — and had given them to her as an engagement present. They were still in the little chamois bag he had had in his pocket for so long. I sold them. My mother, whose heirloom they were, was dead. I saw them go with a pang. I could not have looked that eager great-grandfather in the face. Yet would he have cared what happened after he and his girl were done with life?

Those brought in enough to make us secure for a while, and we gathered together the bills and paid something on each.

And then one day Bob came home early again. He said, "We can't swing this house any more. It costs too much. A man wants to rent it, and I guess we'd better let him have it." And for the second time he said, "I'm sorry."

We rented it furnished. The amount we get takes care of the interest on the mortgage and pays the rent on a four-room apartment we have taken. We were lucky enough to get one from a friend who rented it furnished. We hope that when the leases are up we can go back, but we do not count on that.

We got ready to go at last. I buttoned on the children's coats. Bob put his arm around my shoulder and we took a last look around the living room. It wore with a familiar grace the things we had bought with so much delight. Yet the room where we had been so happy seemed suddenly estranged, like a friend who has been hurt and withdraws into himself for no reason that you can think of. The room

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withdrew from us its soul. We might come back, but it would never be in quite the same way. Outside, the sun took another turn to the west, and the room grew almost bleak.

V

And what was it all about, this readjustment that turned the lives of so many upside down? It meant a year of hardship, sometimes more, to the group about us. The men in the old office fared badly. The bookkeeper, with a delicate wife and child, has not had a steady job since that November, almost a year and a half ago. Some of the older men who held responsible positions have been so fortunate as to find work at much lower salaries. Frieda, my cook, was able to get work at once, but Fred and Ellen were "fancy help" and they have been idle for months. We and our children are getting along — the office brings in enough to take care of us — but it is too early to tell whether things will be ultimately better or worse.

Perhaps the moral of this ought to be that money does not matter. Certainly Bob and I grew together as we might never have done under easier circumstances. We learned to know on what we could count in each other's character. But on the whole the experience was hardening. It freed us from caring what anybody thought, but it also made us think of ourselves first. It took from us that sense of shock at the wrongs and hardships of others which was our heritage, which nice children have, and which young people like ourselves keep to maturity. That sentimental altruism which responds to the cry of misfortune was gone. We had met misfortunes. Other people could meet them. But along with this callousness there grew slowly a conviction that conditions of hardship in a country like this indicate immaturity, low-grade intelligence, lack of plan, on a scale so vast that it is appalling.

When I was thirteen I knew a family of shanty Irish who had risen to comparative wealth. There was a wife and six children, two of whom were almost grown men. The father died leaving some eighty thousand dollars in life insurance, and nothing else. The heirs, whose mentality never rose above the thirteen-year average, spent this sum in eighteen months — quite an achievement in a small town in those days. The sprawling house was always full of company, and no one worried or planned or was careful.

The members of that household, it seems to me, are symbolic of a class in this country. They never thought of money as a translation of work, or of intelligence. They expected it for nothing, just as before the crash we and our friends expected it from the stock market. And like them, we ignored money in that we did not feel particularly responsible for our obligations, and we spent it without asking any suitable return. We were fundamentally, grandly selfish. We didn't care what happened to the country as long as we made our pile. This, I take it, is the point of view of adolescence.

If the recent depression takes our kind and makes us think, it is not wholly evil. If it causes us to remove as far as possible those conditions which create insecurity for both worker and employer alike, if it forces us to plan our scale of living not on what we may have if we are lucky but on our normal expectation of income, if it teaches us not to bet on the future when others are relying on us, then it may not have been a misfortune.

With all the drawbacks of youth goes one asset — the courage born of optimism. It is interesting to note that in America we always refer to the business conditions of recent months as a "depression." I do not remember seeing that word in English and Continental publications. Our use of it implies that we do not consider poor business normal, that we believe that what goes down must come up. It is a youthful and refreshing point of view after contact with the depleted energies of Europe.

This youth and courage make it possible for us to rise above the market with a hope and a certain nonchalance which would be impossible abroad. We do not attach undue importance to the loss of money, as they do in Europe. We got it easily, and we hope to get it again; it is no disgrace to be without it for a while. It would be a great step forward if, while preserving our youthful courage, we could outgrow the careless, irresponsible state of mind which caused us to expect something for nothing, which made the bull market possible, and which took us for the ride which preceded our late fall. Individuals have outgrown it. Whether the country as a whole will do so, one cannot say.

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What I Believe

Living Philosophies XVIII

***by* IRWIN EDMAN**

I

THERE ARE two reasons why it is difficult for a contemporary to be at all certain that he knows what he believes or that he can express it candidly. Modern philosophy has taught us for three centuries to be self-conscious about the veil of consciousness that lies between us and things, the dye of subjectivity that colors and poisons our awareness of the world about us. Modern psychology, especially psychoanalysis, has made us suspicious of the validity of those tenets about which we think we are most in earnest. It has made suspect the deeper motives that lie behind our verbal ones — the instincts that masquerade as faiths and the lusts that parade as ideals. We are deeply dubious that we can know or say what we want, what we are, what we think, what we see.

There is indeed an additional reason why a contemporary hesitates, even upon invitation, to set down his credo about the universe. When there was comparatively little known, it was relatively easy to know or to pretend to know all. Nearly three thousand years ago a Greek philosopher could look about the universe and say "The All Is One," or sum up the universe as fire or water or earth or air, or the sum and combination of them. In the life of the leisure class of the Greek city-state he could prescribe the Middle Way, and specify it as wisdom of life, and know what he meant by it; in the Middle Ages, however much the theme might be modulated, the philosopher could indicate the one thing needful, the salvation of the soul, and prescribe the way toward that salvation.

Every man now knows too little and too much to set down any easy ultimate. The world of knowledge has become too complex and organized; the world of belief has become too distracted and incoherent. No one can speak with authority save on the smallest field of inquiry; there are no sacred sanctions or established civic presumptions from which faith or hope may take a point of departure. It requires audacity unaccompanied by a sense of humor to essay these days to know what is what; it requires a romanticism no modern will permit himself to say what he thinks may come of it, or what may be done about it.

Yet the present writer, for one, believes this self-consciousness to be unwholesome and unwarranted. One does not need the patter of the new physics to recognize the sky above one's head or the earth beneath one's feet, nor will all the newest doctrines of the relativists be able to abolish their omnipresence. In these matters I think it is important to be simple, almost simple-minded. For all the complexity of modern scientific formulas, it is the same old sky with the same things beneath it. Those things include my body and the bodies of other people, the plants and animals, the rocks and stars.

The knife of the skeptic may persuade me to doubt their ultimacy and teach me to seek elsewhere or to find nowhere things-in-themselves. But my hungers and passions, my pains, my raptures, and my expectations compel me to believe in or to act very much as if I believed in the common sense world of the common man. That world is like Jehovah in the Old Testament; it is what it is, the source of all that I know and hope and suffer and enjoy. It is that very realm in which even the skeptic is born and in which, however much he doubts it, he is resolved again into dust. A pang of hunger or of love, a loaf of bread, a beautiful face, a stumbling in the dark or a burst of music are all the testimony and all the science I need to give me a sense of the hang of things, and to make me realize that those folds as they hang are the folds of matter.

Nor am I made very much more diffident about my beliefs or aspirations because the

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psychoanalysts assure me that I cannot, save after long and expensive disillusionment by them, really know what I hope or fear or believe. All belief is periphrasis, the remote subterranean psyche indulging in elocution. I offer the elocution simply for what it is worth. I leave it to the analysts to tinker with the carburetor when the car gets back to the garage. I am not out to soil my hands with the engine. I am out for the ride.

III

I BELIEVE then in the common world of things as they are about us, the things I touch, see, taste, smell, hear, the world that earthy poets celebrate and that worldlings feast and wanton in (the same world which sustains and generates those raptures whose earthiness is so exquisite that one is tempted to call them ethereal). I believe also, though more superstitiously and not on such good evidence, that there is a kind of order in things that for short may be called mechanism, and a fundamental substance, whatever other fancy or pretentious names it be called, that is matter. In this order at a certain remote epoch there was generated life and, at a certain epoch in the history of life, that nervous speck of star dust we call man.

But it neither dismays nor distresses, indeed it scarcely impresses me, that in comparison with the whole nature of things, man is so late, so tiny, and so unregarded an accident. It seems to me not arrogance but honesty to admit, nay to insist, that that last, late incidental fleck of sport of matter called humanity, and the human viewpoint, interest me most. From nature's point of view (if she had any, which she has not), I may be quite unimportant. From my point of view, nature is at once the spectacle I behold, the theater I act in, and the materials and possibilities I can use. And whatever else anybody else may say, he acts — and is compelled to act — as if he believed precisely that.

That the spectacle is interesting it requires nothing more than good health, sensibility, intelligence, wit, and sympathy to discern. I note as part of the spectacle that these requisites are not universally distributed. I believe that with the spread and improvement of education and the possible — though improbable — more equitable distribution of wealth, they may be. There are certain parts of the spectacle that I prefer to others. It is on these grounds that I turn to the arts, to imagination, to friendship, and to philosophy for amusement, sustenance, and consolation.

There are phases of the spectacle that are boring or painful or distressing. Despite all the enormous promise of science and machinery in the way of lives cleaner, easier, swifter, and sweeter, despite all the glamour of suspicious change, I am not altogether at home in my own country and my own century, or yet fool enough to think I could even in fantasy be permanently at home anywhere else. I have no Whitmanesque enthusiasm for everything under the sun. Preference and discrimination are of the very essence of intelligence as I conceive it. I therefore prefer certain friends, places, books, and modes of life to others. Nor by the same token am I content to gloss over certain deplorable phases of the world of nature and of human nature, and of the specifically contemporary and American world, which honesty and common sense compel me to realize.

I share quite as much as the next man, even if that man happens to be John Dewey or H. G. Wells, the faith that intelligence and contrivance may make this anarchic chaos of industry, mechanism, and capital a little more, nay a great deal more, of a universally shared garden than it is at present. The hope of the world certainly lies in intelligence. Certainly there is no hope anywhere else. I cannot look to anything so remotely definable as God for aid, nor do I ever regret not being able to do so.

But I am convinced that intelligence, though the only hope, is a support both limited and questionable. Some of the noblest and most enlightened minds of the nineteenth century believed ardently, some believe to-day, that the method of physical science applied to human concerns may make human life a brief tenancy of this worldly paradise. Certainly squalor and disease have been greatly eliminated, life has been and may be further lengthened by science, even stupidity may be reduced. Conflicts may be removed between individuals and classes and nations through methods analogous to those of the physical laboratory. But I have an obdurate conviction that human nature is surd, unpredictable, and ultimately unintelligible, that it will not be bound or expressed by formulas or saved by them. It seems

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to me that human nature and human life will always provide irreducible difficulties and unhappinesses that no House of Solomon, no world-wide scientific foundation can ever cure. Unrequited — and unrequitable — love, loneliness, frustration, and disappointment may be reduced by sociologists and in their extremer consequences eliminated by psychiatrists. But I am certain there would be wistful and regretful citizens in even the most splendidly organized scientific Utopia.

I do not believe that life in general or the world in general has any meaning. I do not think there is any meaning in saying that they could have. But many things, all things in nature, may have meaning; and any life may generate its own purposes or ends. Life itself is what St. Augustine would have called grace, what — in language that, however different, means the same thing — I should call "so much velvet." Not what life means, but what meanings it may have, is what counts. It is possible that, short and doomed though it be, it may be brilliant and varied as well as smooth. It is not the prelude to glory, but the occasional vehicle and revealer of it.

I know I cannot live forever, but I know also that I can know and have experienced immortal things. It is quite clear to me what sort of activities render life to me (and I suspect to a good many others) meaningful and rich, and in which direction they lie. The direction is that of abundance, vitality, and clarity. The activities range from the immediate pleasures of the senses to the wide sweep and contemplations of the mind. There are periods of creation, or enjoyment, and not least of shared enjoyment, when I find that I do not question whether life is good or worth living. For at such times, and for the time being, such questions are affirmatively answered without being asked. But the Good Life to my mind does not consist in scattered moments of felt delight, but in such a general pattern of living as would tend to fill life with richness and significance.

I am well aware that the Good Life cannot be discussed in and certainly not lived in an abstraction Arcadian and aloof. It is dependent on a thousand factors of economic and social well-being which are not yet operative in the world. But I do believe that good will and intelligence (and the spread of the latter might make the former more universal) would make the Good Life more generally available and more generally desired than it is at present.

III

All this is not by way of saying that I shut my eyes or my heart to the fatality, the frustration, and the tragedy that haunt the life of the most fortunate human creature. Within the possible brilliant brief episode between two oblivions, no observer at once attentive and feeling can fail at times to be discouraged and always chastened. Here again the modern, it seems to me, must come to conclusions as old at least as those of Ecclesiastes and not much more encouraging. For just as I am profoundly convinced that this earth is essentially the same as that trod by Plato two thousand years ago, and by the Bushmen much earlier, so am I impressed by the same facts, poignant and ineluctable, that they must also have observed.

No romantic doctrine of perfectibility and engineered happiness can blind me — I don't think it really blinds anyone — to death and to change. It is the fashion now to exalt novelty — and it goes without saying that only in an unfinished and changing world could anything ever change for the better. But the white peace of eternity (in which I completely disbelieve) I still profoundly care for. The mutations of youth, of friendships, of hopes, of love, may be facts to be reckoned with. I do not see how they are goods to be applauded.

I realize that on this point I differ from most of my alert compatriots and contemporaries. Newness, changes, movement, these have themselves come to be regarded as goods. But I cannot become reconciled to the fact that we live almost completely in the illusions — retrospective and always, even at their best, tinged with melancholy — of memory, and sometimes in the even more painfully illusory fantasies of anticipation.

Nor does it seem to me that crying "Life, life, faster, swifter!" can drown out the insistent fact of death which, in one way or another, the modern seeks to forget or to circumvent or avoid. Death is our name for nature's final and implacable defeat; just as birth is our name for nature's special reiterated triumph. But except that some day I expect to be sick and old and tired, I do not see on what grounds I could welcome death, or on what grounds modern formulas can ease the pang of its

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imminence or its absoluteness. On this point Ecclesiastes is right, and everything for everyone is ultimately vanity under the sun.

It may be protested that death is too morbid a preoccupation, though obviously it is as patent a fact as life and one that no adult philosophy can fail to reckon with. If it is said that the healthy animal does not brood upon death, it may also be added that he does not reflect on life either. I do not see how anything but weariness can pretend that death is good or anything but cowardice neglect to make peace with it. For my own part, both reflection and instinct have so far persuaded me of the ultimacy of death as a final quietus that no question bores me more than a canvassing of the possibilities of a future life. I cannot, however, hail extinction romantically as once Browning did, as one fight more, the best and the last. It is one of the things hateful to me, as are all the irremediable enemies of life, or even the remediable ones, disease and fatigue and hypocrisy and stupidity. And death is one of those enemies against whom all one can do is hate.

The older religions have tried to do more than hate extinction. They have tried mythologically to wish it away. So far as their literal promise of immortality goes, I am a complete disbeliever. As for the traditional God whose justice, mercy, and benevolence guaranteed an after life, I likewise, of course, disbelieve in Him too. What is more, or worse, or better, I do not even miss Him in the sense in which I miss, at this moment of writing, four thousand miles from home, some of my friends. I believe in nothing that can be called religion by a traditionalist, though I not only respect but find illumination in the insights, at once moral and poetic, of the Jewish prophets, of the Buddhistic way of life, and of the Christian mythology. Literally taken, they are ridiculous and misleading; morally taken, they are metaphors and music on important human themes. They are the most serious art that we have inherited.

Besides God and immortality, traditional religion has promised us, or presumes we have, freedom. In a certain rough sense I suppose I believe in determinism. That is, I believe that every fact has a consequence. But practically and morally I believe in freedom. That is, within the limits of natural conditions, I believe genuine choice is possible, and that that choice is immensely enlarged by education and the habit and technique of understanding.

With respect to the contemporary world to which, after all, these considerations alone have any future or any bearing, I happen, by temperament, to be at once immensely interested and about much of it a little dubious. Unlike some æsthetes I have known, I see no reason, and certainly no use, in trying to flee America. For increasingly America — simply another name for modernity — is becoming the character and quality of that ancient Europe to which the American flees for quietude and refuge.

That we are witnessing the decline of Western culture, of all those habits, things, and values which Athens, Chartres, and Dante enshrine, may well be the case. There is even a chance — to my mind, not a small one — that Western civilization as we know it may be destroyed in a more anarchic and rapid universal war than the last. Intelligence may save us from ruin, and I am on the side of every movement that promises decency and order in a maelstrom of a world. I am ready to believe that science and the machine may save us, if they do not kill or stifle us first. I am ready to believe and work in whatever measure I can toward the realization of an American culture that shall be something more like Greece than like Carthage.

There seems to be little to weep for, naught to bewail. There seem to me objects of enjoyment as intense as those ever given to any race or to any individual possible in our world. There seem to me, without benefit of religion or of clergy, to be the possibilities of worship and of adoration. There are altitudes of the spirit revealed to us in the traditions of philosophy, literature, music, and art that remind me still that divinity was not a human invention but a human discovery. I believe those heights in art or in life may be reached again, and I know the works of contemporaries and the lives of contemporaries that seem to me to bring a renewed faith in the possibilities of life even to a disillusioned and weary generation.

Meanwhile life seems to me, for all its eternal and contemporary limitations, good fun — and possibly much more. At the very least it provokes merriment and, at fortunate moments, in happy instances, it may still be the incitement to beauty and wisdom as well.

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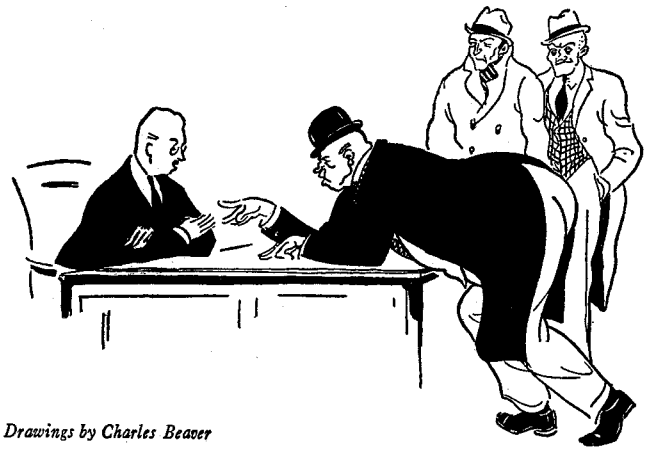
Honesty in Politics



Drawings by Charles Beaver

by **RICHARD F. WARNER**

I SUPPOSE everyone thinks that politicians should be honest if not brilliant. Apparently it is assumed that the mere business of being honest rests entirely with the individual politician, whereas he cannot be held solely responsible for his mental attainments. College professors, students of economics, sociologists, and editorial writers, all have a great deal to say about honesty and dishonesty in politics. It is one of their favorite themes, and since politics — whether we know it or not, or will it or not — infringes upon all of our lives to varying degrees, these men are quite correct in spending so much time writing and talking about it.

In my own opinion I very seriously doubt that the average politician can be honest, and by honest I am not resorting to an unreal, to a Sir Galahad, definition of that word, but merely to its conventional meaning. My approach to politicians has differed from that of political students. As a newspaperman it has been my business to write about politicians, to interview them, to attend their conventions and party caucuses, to hear their press agents, to talk with their district leaders and with the lieutenants of their district leaders, to campaign with them, and, when it is all over and the public has registered its choice, to print their swan songs or their victorious thanks to the electorate. I have followed politicians elected or appointed to office, have heard their deliberations as members of the legislature and of city councils, and have spent many hours indeed writing about them and the measures which they advocated for the public weal or opposed for the public weal.

Frankly, I like politicians. I have always found them very human and, on the whole, far less affected than many of my friends who are engaged in professions of a type considered superior to politics, such as medicine and teaching. I have, also, invariably found politicians personally honest. This does not mean that all of them are personally honest. It simply means that those whom I have known are. Personal honesty and political honesty are — and, I think, should be — two different things.

Getting the Nomination

NOW, TO PRESENT my contention and essay to prove it — namely, the practical impossibility for any man entering politics to remain conventionally honest.

You, let us say, have decided to enter political life. You have no particular ax to grind. You are not representing any concern which might be desirous of having one of its members, or at least a sympathetic individual, identified with the city or state régime. You are motivated by a very natural and proper ambition to make a name for yourself in your community

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and to be of service to the public. You are favored with a small independent income. You enjoyed a "good" education. You went to one of the better preparatory schools, graduated from Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, where you specialized in government. In brief, you are a "gentleman" and the type of man that Citizens' Unions and Good Government Associations the country over love, simply love, to see go into politics.

Well, to continue our assuming, let us suppose that you live in a fairly large city and that you have been approached by certain friends already engaged in politics to run for the City Council. Things begin to happen. You have accepted the nomination and the election comes on November fourth. We will pass over the matter of obtaining the nomination — a matter, incidentally, which can be quite as revealing as being elected. The nomination, in your case, has been handed to you on a silver platter.

Of course there were vague suggestions about a campaign contribution; about a contribution to the city committee of your party; about a contribution, perhaps, to the state organization of your party. Naturally the bearers of these at first vague but later somewhat more insistent suggestions said that you yourself would not be expected to give a great deal, but they reminded you that your uncle, a wealthy old soul, might possibly aid the party if you dropped a hint and told him that you were about to run for office. Also, the organization in your district is building a clubhouse, and the building fund is sadly behind. Your college friends and clubmates might be interested in that fund, and your uncle might be interested in helping it along himself. Yes, the nomination has been handed to you on a silver platter, which may or may not be sterling.

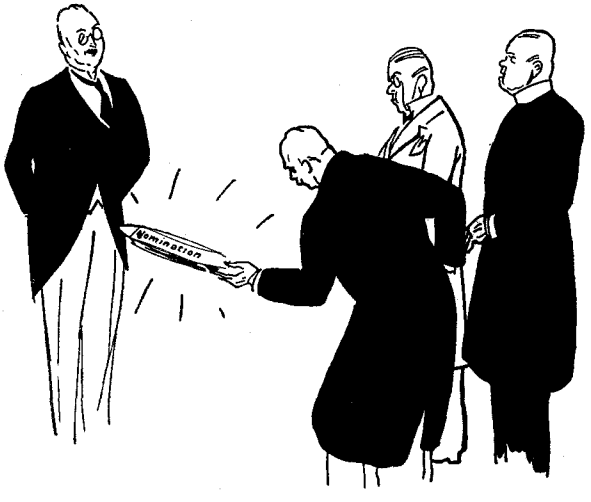
However, there is nothing dishonest about a campaign contribution; nothing dishonest about your uncle's loosening up a bit — he can well afford it; nothing dishonest about your college friends' helping the party if you can prevail upon them to do so (and you probably can't). So far everything is aboveboard, and you start your campaign. First your district leader comes to you and talks things over. He wants to see you elected. Your district, "his" district, has been going the "other way" politically and it just so happens that he doesn't like the district leader of the rival party and he wants to get back into control. He tells you something about this. It seems, and probably is, all right. If elected you will be in a position to get him some municipal jobs that he can hand out to deserving workers of the party in the district. Of course he will recommend only those men who would be qualified to do the work.

You begin campaigning. You find yourself with a press agent and you also find that this press agent is getting quite a salary. He has been recommended to you by a friend of the district leader, and the district leader has assured you that you are getting him cheap. You have a headquarters and there you find several stenographers and a couple of other young women who clip newspapers. They all seem to be drawing pretty good salaries too. The district leader tells you that they are part of the organization, daughters and sisters of leading members.

The newspapers have hailed your candidacy. You have been termed "the type of young man we enjoy seeing entering politics, the type of young man not beholden to any political organization or to any individual." Editorial writers have sung your praises, and you have read their writings with satisfaction and sent copies to your relatives. After all, why the devil shouldn't that skinflint uncle of yours shell out for the party organization? He should be proud that one member of the family stands ready to serve the public.

Inconvenient Prejudices

THE DISTRICT LEADER tells you something about your district. It's considerably larger than you thought it was. It seems there



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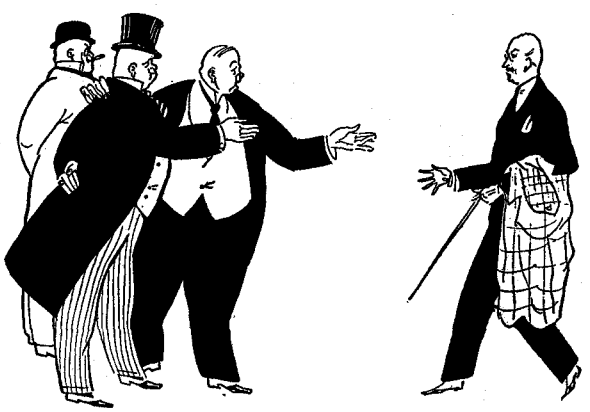
is a Lithuanian section over on the west side; a Negro section up toward the north; a Polish section over east. The residential section these days has quite a number of Jews and (to avoid giving offense to any nationality, let us invent one) Cambians; and the Cambians are in the majority. Of all the races, the one for which you have the most abiding dislike is the Cambian; and of all the Cambians the one you detest the most is the president of the Cambian-American Club, one Cuno, an immigrant who made good by gyping people, first in the cloak and suit trade, then in stock promotions, and



who entered your life by putting over a slick real estate deal which left certain members of your family very flat indeed.

The district leader informs you that the election hinges on the Cambian vote. If you can win that vote, you go to the City Council and will be able to introduce the reform legislation in which you are sincerely interested and about which you and your press agent are issuing so many statements. Cuno controls the Cambian vote, and Cuno, the district leader tells you, is going to support you. All that you have to do in return is to attend the reception that the Cambian-American Club is giving in your honor and at which Mr. Cuno will preside and introduce you as the speaker of the evening. Mr. Cuno is supporting the organization not only verbally, but with hard cash. The district leader promises you that you will not be under obligations to Cuno, now or hereafter.

Well, here is the first problem. There was nothing really dishonest about that Lithuanian dinner that you attended, or your telling the Lithuanians what a wonderful people they were and how much they have contributed to American civilization and the sacrifices they underwent during the World War. Nothing dishonest about the Polish ball. The mere fact that the Lithuanians and the Poles chance to have a private feud on in your particular city is no fault of yours.

You had a little trouble at one of the get-together Jewish meetings. Some fellow heckled you about one of your club organizations which discriminated against Jews, and although at the time you agreed to that discrimination, you have since learned by practical experience that it isn't for the public good to be narrow-minded. You even wrote to ask one of your old college professors who happened to be Jewish to come to town and make a speech for you, and you were very nice to him indeed when he accepted, even inviting him to your apartment to spend the night.

There is no use being silly about these things; one has to be practical. But this Cuno affair is something else again. You know Cuno is a crook. You know that a "gentleman" — that is, the type of gentleman which the editorial writers say you are — does not associate with Cuno. Yet how can you possibly introduce that reform legislation; how can you possibly start a campaign for the playgrounds which the poor children of your district need so badly, if you are not elected? Besides, you honestly believe — and moreover have every reason to believe — that your political opponent for the City Council is a crook. Certainly he is not the type of man who is receiving the support of the independents, of the intellectuals, of the Good Government Association. The district would suffer by his election, no doubt of it.

Right at this point is where that rationalizing which all politicians have to do begins. The district leader is uneasy. He tells you that Cuno is wondering why you have delayed in accepting the Cambian-American Club invitation. He emphasizes the fact that the Cambians are a clannish lot and that Cuno, for all his hard dealings, has a sensitive spot, his pride. Should Cuno go over to the opposition, all is lost.

As for yourself, you have been enjoying a new and very pleasant sensation — public importance. Daily you have been giving out interviews to the press. Reporters have been covering your meetings; photographers have been sending off their flashlight powders. Victory is in the air. Your press agent — he turned

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out to be a damned decent chap after all — says so. The election is only two weeks off, and at this stage you can't afford to throw all those people down who have been working for you — the district workers, members of your own family, the various committees organized for your election. And, too, this campaign has cost you a good bit more in the way of money than you expected.

But, deeper than all this, you have learned something about your district and the people who live in it, their problems, their needs. Pleasant and flattering as are the editorial comments and the assurances of your press agent and the glowing introductory speeches made in your behalf, you wish to serve your district. You have become sincerely convinced that it needs you. As a member of the City Council, you will be able to help the district. To cite just one specific benefit, you will be able to give it those playgrounds needed so badly.

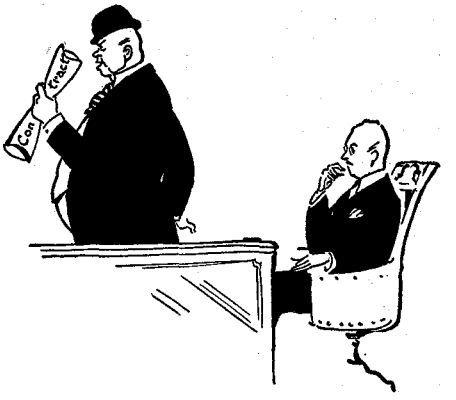
You rationalize. You accept Cuno's invitation and attend the dinner.

Election and After

On November fourth you are elected and on the following January first you take office and begin to serve the public as one of the twelve members of the City Council. Does your district leader now pass out of the picture? Is Cuno eliminated? Not at all. Your district leader is after you about those appointments. You discover that his choices are some of Cuno's men, and not very good men at that. You discover, too, that if you are to accomplish anything you must work with your colleagues on the City Council, for it so happens that the party to which you belong is the minority party, and if you are to obtain those playgrounds you must play the game sensibly.

There is talk of putting you up four years from now as president of the City Council. If you win, the party might make you mayor, and from mayor it might lead to lieutenant-governor and governor and, if you succeeded, who knows, it might mean the White House. Can you risk your political future, especially now that you have started so well? Is it worth your while to make an ethical issue with your district leader and with Cuno? You are under no illusions about yourself. You are not — as yet — in any position to dictate. You are nothing more or less than a young fellow starting out in politics, and you know that there are several other young fellows living in your district ready to start out also, some of them from a financial standpoint much better fixed than you are.

Besides, what have you done that is dishonest? Absolutely nothing. You have not received any money from anyone. Cuno's men — the ones that your district leader wants you to appoint — may not be good men, but you have no proof that they are dishonest; and the jobs they would get are not important, certainly not as important as your job on the City Council, or as important as the reform legislation that you are introducing and your playgrounds. You appoint Cuno's men and you attend the City Council meetings. You have amassed a wealth of material on playgrounds. You have statements from the leading physicians in your neighborhood indorsing them and from the various health and welfare societies. Money must be appropriated for them, and the Mayor must sign the appropriation measure. The Mayor belongs to the opposition party.



One day you are approached by one of the opposition (it may be the Mayor's secretary, or it may be one of the City Councilors) about the letting of a certain contract for, let us say, a subway extension. You know all about that contract. The Good Government Association opposes it; independents oppose it; the better press opposes it. You have no proof, no positive proof, but morally you are certain that there is dirty business in it. The contract bill is scheduled before your playground bill. You are no fool and you know very well indeed that if your playground bill is to get by and receive the Mayor's signature and not be tabled or endlessly referred back to the committee, you will have to vote for that subway contract.

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The contract, because of the manner in which the funds are to be raised, is a special piece of legislation. Under the rules of the city charter, to prevent any shady business, special legislation of that character must have the unanimous support of the City Council. Although a minority member, you can block that contract. It all comes down, very simply, to a deal. Are you ready to become a partner to a deal which you are morally certain is dishonest?

You rationalize again. No special harm, certainly no direct harm to the poor of the city, or to the wealthy for that matter, will be done by the letting of that subway contract. A few insiders may take a split somewhere along the line. It may not be according to the ethics that you were taught at school or in accordance with the ideals of editorial writers or in keeping with the lofty pronouncements of the Good Government Association. You, as a humble member of the City Council, are in no position to change things. When you become president of the Council, when you become mayor — ah, that would be different! But now nothing that you might say will make any difference in the civic administration.

The harm that may be done in the letting of that contract is as nothing when contrasted to the benefits that the children of your district will derive from the playgrounds. It is ridiculous to compare the two. One belongs to a small clique having no bearing upon the public; the other belongs to the public and helps the public. You vote for the subway contract.

Up the Ladder

And so goes your political career. The breaks in the game have favored you. Your health remains good and you were, after serving out your term on the City Council, elected president of that body and now, after two terms as president, you are mayor of the city. Political writers predict that you will be the next governor of the state. You are even being mentioned as your party's presidential candidate six years hence.

No longer does the Good Government Association refer to you as the type of young man, *etc.* In its annual report on your character it "views with regret" certain episodes. It harks back to the letting of that old subway contract and it mentions several other bills that passed the City Council while you were a member. As for yourself, you knew then and know now that it was essential for you to have voted for those measures which the Association criticizes adversely if the reforms that you advocated were to become laws.

For instance, one of the achievements of your administration as mayor has been the consolidation of overlapping municipal departments. The result has been greater efficiency and a saving of the public's funds. It meant, of course, fewer jobs for district leaders to hand out to their henchmen, and you faced stubborn opposition. You had to indorse and vote for that totally unnecessary "public improvement" in Smith's district — an indoor swimming pool that cost the city $150,000 — and you had to support Harmon's bill for a street-surfacing project, equally senseless, which cost one hundred thousand dollars. You had every reason to believe that both Smith and Harmon received a cut after the contracts for the two public improvements had been let, yet you never would have been able to consolidate those municipal departments without their votes. The unnecessary money spent in their districts was picayune compared to the amount saved and efficiency gained by the department consolidation.

You have learned a great deal since you were the type of young man that the Good Government Association loves to see entering politics, the type of young man beholden to no organization or individual. The better press still supports you, and deservedly so. You have made good contacts with the writers of public opinion. You talk things over with editors and with the various prominent civic leaders in your community. The Good Government Association, as I have said, views with regret certain aspects of your career. It wishes to know why Cuno should have been a member of your recent campaign committee for the mayoralty and why Cuno's nephew is now your private secretary. But the Good Government Association indorsed your candidacy for mayor because your record as a member of the City Council showed definite reforms; and, for the same reason, the Association will indorse your candidacy for governor.

You have made your district a stronghold of your party and you have done it by making the Cambians members of your party. You now realize that when you first ran for the City

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Council and had Cuno's support, Cuno was backing you because he chanced to be sore, for the moment, at the opposition district leader. You needed the Cambian vote, not only in your own district, but throughout the city, if you were to be elected mayor and that is why Cuno was a member of your campaign committee. You will need that Cambian vote for governor, too.

If you had not been elected mayor, those overlapping city departments would not have been consolidated. The public would not now be enjoying the splendid services of the excellent public health commissioner whom you appointed over the protest of certain organization politicians who knew that they would not be able to "control" him. You have been honest. You have served your public. You have been a party to deals, some of them fairly rotten, but for every deal you put through a measure that far outbalanced any shady contract. For every minor appointment that you winked at, knowing that some district leader was getting a job for "his" man, you made a major appointment. You rationalized and saw the political game, not subjectively, but objectively, and, what is of more worth, played it effectively.

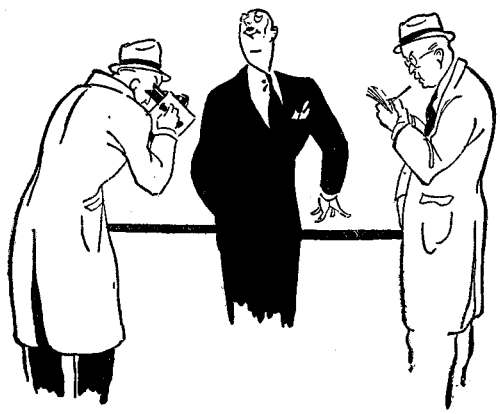
Honesty — the Best Politics?

This, then, is the recital of a young man who entered politics in a large city. I doubt if anyone who has experienced practical politics will see in it any exaggeration. I doubt, too, if the young man presented here could have, or should have, acted differently than he did. I suppose that it was dishonest, even from a conventional standpoint, to have attended Cuno's dinner and accepted Cuno's support; dishonest to have voted for the letting of that subway contract which was itself dishonest; dishonest to have signed public improvement measures he knew to be wrong.

But it appears to me logically unsound to compare the actions of a man engaged in politics to the actions of a man removed from politics. Politicians, doctors, ministers, editorial writers, and plumbers all work in different mediums. My criticism is that those who write about dishonesty in politics go on the basis that honesty is a commodity that remains the same under all conditions. To me, honesty or dishonesty in politics is subject to change, and perfectly and properly so.

I said at the beginning and I repeat now that I doubt if any politician can be honest in the generally accepted definition of that word, but I maintain and repeat again that this does not mean that he is a dishonest man, even politically. Essentially it is up to the man entering politics how far he will permit himself to rationalize. The line is hard to draw and difficult to define; once one has started rationalizing, excusing one's actions to oneself, it is very easy to continue. In my opinion a politician is justified in rationalizing so long as he contributes a definite service to the public. A good politician, a big politician, will use the political organization and not permit the political organization to use him. The district leader becomes his man; the Cunos become his unwitting allies.

I know of two men, of opposite parties, who were able to accomplish this to an outstanding degree. Naturally there have been and there are many others, but these two occupy nationally important positions in the country's history. Their reputation for personal integrity is beyond dispute. One is dead — Theodore Roosevelt. The other is Alfred E. Smith.



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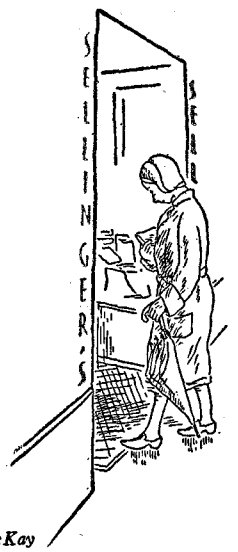
Miss Tillson

A Short Story



Drawings by Dorothy McKay

***by* DORIS PEEL**

I

IT WAS one of the bad days in Sellinger's Basement.

The evening before the papers had carried the usual advertisement: "Gigantic Sale of Ladies' House Dresses" — with a row of elegant, perilously slender ladies leaning nonchalantly against the railing of a country-clubbish looking veranda. That always brought them in. By half-past eight there were tight, silent little groups outside all the doors. It was funny the way they stood — she noticed as she went past them to the employees' entrance at the Southby Street corner of the building. Quite motionless — darting suspicious, hostile glances at one another. The way people acted when there were a lot of them applying for the same job. She knew. My word, if looks could kill! They'd all be falling over like tin soldiers. A regular slaughter. . . .

By ten o'clock things were at their worst. The counter was a small wall with great waves of women dashing up against it. They snatched dresses away from one another; they shouted: "Girl! Girl! Get me a green in size forty! Where's the belt to this one? Find me a pink check! I'm next — say! I've been — " She had such a funny feeling sometimes. Suppose the wall broke! The waves would rush at her, rush over her. She felt quite frightened.

Miss Fingell and Miss Weise were thrusting things into bags and changing money like mad. Miss Fingell's hair was coming down, but she couldn't stop. Miss Weise was gnawing at her mouth, and shouting back: "All *right!* Just a minute, just a *min*ute — " She'd better be careful, talking to them like that. If Mr. Crew heard. . . .

How thick the air was, stifling; and the smells — the starchy smell of the dresses, the smell of sweating underarms, and hot breath, and cheap fur that had got wet outside in the rain. And funny how many people smelled of *bacon*. She always noticed. "Girl! Girl! — " their voices struck her unceasingly. She seemed to feel them rather than hear them. Against her chest, and flat in her face. Even after all these years.

Miss Weise swooped down for another handful of bags. She was muttering again, savagely and bitterly. Miss Weise often muttered — things. She tried not to mind, but she always did. Each time something inside her protested: "Oh, *please* — " in a very ladylike voice.

"Girl! Girl!" But this was getting dreadful! Why didn't Mr. Crew send them help! They *must* have help! She called: "Miss Weise, we must have help!"

"Yeah!" jeered Miss Weise. "Try and get it!"

Oh, dear — oh, dear! "Yes, madam, I'm trying to find a thirty-eight — blue, did you say? — yellow? — " Perhaps that nice Miss Spencer would come over. She was on gloves, two counters back. She had come over last week, without anybody telling her to, and said: "Look here, I'm going to help." Just like that. She felt a warm wave of pleasure at the thought of it. "Miss Weise," she called again, quite brightly, "perhaps Miss Spencer will — "

"Can't," flung back Miss Weise. "Gone upstairs."

Upstairs. Oh — another one. She paused, just for a moment, a little faint. She saw Miss Spencer upstairs: wide, cool aisles, people

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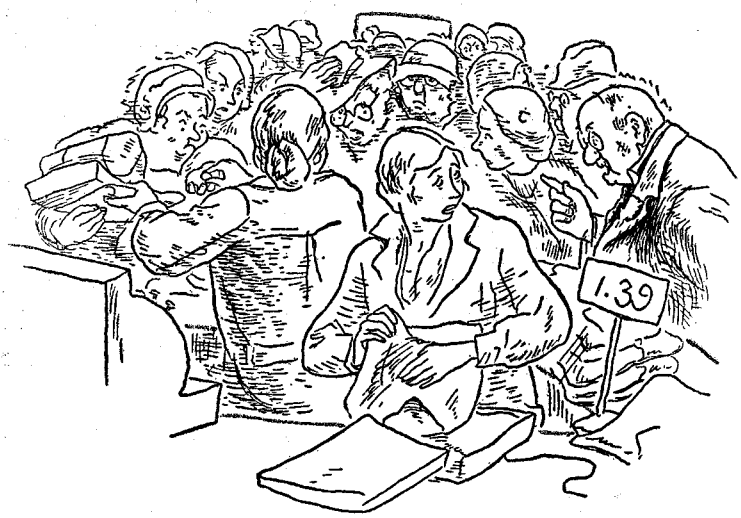
moving leisurely behind polished cases — "Good morning" — "Good morning. I should like to see something in white kid" — long, pale boxes being opened, tissue paper being folded back. It seemed like heaven.

Now the crowd was growing smaller, and less rabid. There! It was much better. If only the lights would stop spinning. And the smells, of course. She was silly about the smells. They seemed to get inside of her and lie at the bottom of her stomach in a big lump. "Yes, madam — one-thirty-nine each, two for two-fifty — " She had time to notice people now. There was a woman with bright orange hair. How ridiculous! As if you couldn't *tell*. And there was a girl who kept on getting pushed away. Whenever anybody jostled her she stepped aside, quickly, holding her coat. Now she was back again. Her hands were reaching out, picking among the dresses. Why — dear me! She was going to have a baby! She felt startled. She stared at the girl, stared and stared, fascinated. She thought: "I mustn't do this! It's dreadful!" But her eyes went on staring, with a queer, fierce hunger. What did it feel like to be — that way? What was she *thinking?*

"Are there any more pink ones?" the girl asked.

"Pink? Oh, yes!" her voice leaped out eagerly. "I'll find you one!" — and she rushed up and down behind the counter, pulling things away from other people, jerking out boxes. "Pink, Miss Weise? Pink — pink — " Ah, yes! Here was one. "Look!" she cried, and presented it as if it were a silver cup, or a bunch of flowers picked with her own hands.



"Can't you work a little faster, Miss Tillson?"

The girl said: "Thank you," then, "I — I'm sorry, but I guess I'll have to have a bigger one."

Oh, of course! How stupid! Off again along the aisle. Here — this was better. "This will do, won't it?" She wanted to lean toward the girl, to talk to her, warmly and intimately, as if the counter between them were a tea table; she wanted to apologize for the way the other women had pushed her about, as if she were the hostess and somehow responsible for their conduct. "I didn't really wish to invite them, only I felt I ought to. You know how it is! But I am so glad *you* have come. It *is* nice to have you — " And such a funny feeling for a moment. A reaching out, a straining toward — what? What? Just for a moment. Then she laid the dress down again, and flattened the skirt and folded the sleeves. If she did it up very carefully, it wouldn't need to be pressed. Perhaps she could find a larger box for it. That would be nice. "Miss Weise, do you know if — "

A voice snapped across hers: "Can't you work a little faster, Miss Tillson?"

She went weak all over. She couldn't move for a moment, couldn't breathe. Then: "Yes," she said faintly, "Yes, certainly, Mr. Crew." The third time he had come up on her! The third time in — six — seven — eight days! He must be watching her; he must be —

She was swept with a sudden devastating terror. She thrust the pink dress into a bag. "Here — here! Quick, please! One-thirty-nine!" She snatched the money out of the girl's hand, and flung the change back into it. "Yes, madam?" — how loud her voice sounded, how shrill! "What can I do for you? What size? What color?" Oh, faster, faster! Faster, for dear life. . . .

II

Now Miss Fingell was back from lunch, and it was her turn to go.

She made her way down the crowded aisle: past the corset counter, where women were hooking on bright pink corsets over their dresses, past the millinery department, past ribbons and remnants, and cotton flowers and canvas shoes. The room was packed as usual. All the mirrors were surrounded; they were alive with heads, thrust forward, pressing against one another.

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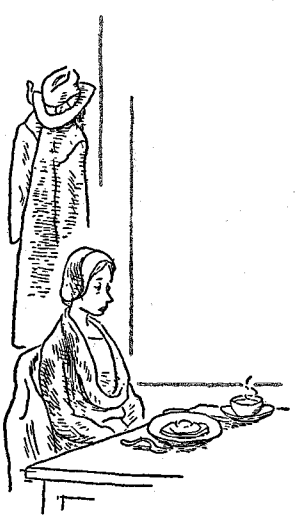
Eyes, absorbed and unswerving, were riveted on reflected faces; red-nailed hands manipulated grayish puffs, and lipsticks, and combs; mouths were stuffed with hairpins; blemishes, revealed ruthlessly by the harsh ceiling light, were covered over, smothered hastily — angrily; hats were tilted back, hair frizzed, earrings screwed on tighter. . . .

She peered across someone's shoulder and felt, as she always felt when brought up against her image, a small, brief shock. Was *that* what she looked like! Oh, dear! It wasn't that she pretended things, as she used to — imagining herself pretty, or even beautiful, so that each time she had gone to a glass there had been a fresh stab in her heart; it was just that, somehow, she couldn't help expecting herself to look more — ladylike, more — *refined*. That was all she asked for now. And it seemed so strange, so unjust, that she should be denied it. Why didn't her face tell people that, even though she worked in a basement, she pushed her spoon away from her when she ate soup, and washed out her underwear every second night, and would never think, never begin to think of sprawling in the Park on a newspaper, as Miss Weise did. . . .

It was still raining out, a slow drizzle, with leaves dripping off the trees in the Square. She crossed the road to Harvey's Cafeteria, and ordered a poached egg on toast and a cup of coffee. There was an empty table by the window — that was nice. She put her tray on it and sat down, peeling off her cotton gloves and glancing about her briefly. Other people from the store, the old gentleman who broke five crackers into his bowl of milk, shoppers with bundles — it might have been yesterday, or to-morrow. All these half hours slid into one another so, like drops of water; there was no way of keeping them apart, of turning back to certain ones. Now and then, of course, there were slight differences — when she had soup, for instance, or a sandwich, or mashed potatoes with gravy; but not often. When you started going over the menu and looking at all the things spread out behind the counter, you got sort of muddled; it was better just to walk past quickly, and say: "Poached egg and a cup of coffee." That settled it.



She felt suddenly, and quite passionately, upset.

A woman stopped at the table, putting down her tray. She had a good suit on, and a nice fur. Miss Tillson became very dainty. She took her feet off the chair rung and crooked her little finger. What had she got? Chicken pie — Oh, dear! What a lovely smell! She tried not to watch, but her eyes kept sliding forward. Were there peas in it? Yes — nice fat green ones — and *mushrooms*. She bit her lip. She felt suddenly, and quite passionately, upset. Why did people have to shove things under her very nose! She hadn't minded the egg before, but now — now it was flat, stale, repellent. Her whole flesh cried out for green peas and mushrooms and white chunks of chicken in a steaming sauce. . . .

And it was just then, at that very moment, as she turned a little, pressing her napkin against her watering mouth, that she saw Rosa Novello.

My word! What a start it gave her! Rosa Novello — it *was*, no mistake about that! On the other side of the window, so close she could see her lids move, see the rain hanging on her lashes. For one moment — then she was gone, it was over, like something flashed on a screen and flashed off again.

Miss Tillson sat quite still. Her heart was pounding against her chest. Fancy seeing her like that! Without any warning! Those yellowish eyes, that moody, drooping mouth — it was the first time for months, the first time since that dreadful evening in the spring. Rosa Novello! Funny how the words hung there in her head, the way the sound of a bell did after it had stopped ringing. False words, of course. What was it she had said her real name was? Mildred something. Mildred Porter — Putney. Yes, that was it. Funny she should have told her.

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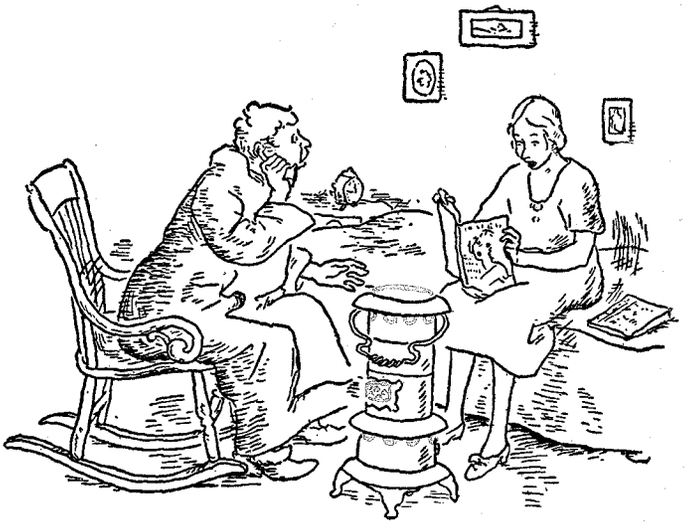
Funny — astonishing — the whole thing. She could never get over it, never begin to understand why she should have picked on anyone like her, Miss Tillson. She had often wondered since why she hadn't asked her. Such an ordinary thing to ask, but it had never occurred to her at the time. That was the way it had been all along, from the very first: ordinary things had had no place in the episode; it had been like a little play, quite separate from the rest of life, with footlights instead of sunlight, and garish gestures and sudden exits, and that strange feeling of excitement, that feeling of — of — what had it been?

And the beginning — my word, enough to make you fall over backward!

III

She had been on drapes and cushions, and one day she had come in here and slammed her tray on the table and sat down in the chair opposite; she had eaten untidily, hunched forward, and all the time she was eating her yellowish eyes had been moving about the room, from person to person, watching them — no, not watching, sort of — *digging* — that's what her eyes did; and then, quite suddenly and simply, as if they'd been talking together for hours, she had pointed her fork at someone and said: "Look at him. I wonder what he does. I wonder what he thinks about." Just like that! They had gone back to the store together, and she had walked laggingly, although it was late, catching people's glances, staring into windows; and the next day she had sat down again opposite her, and the next, and the next.

And gradually it had happened: she, Miss Tillson, had joined in, she had said: "Look at that girl — with the green beads. I wonder —" They had gone on in the strangest fashion, guessing about people, building up lives for them, not jokingly — Oh, no! not a bit; very solemnly, or even *grimly*, sometimes, when Rosa Novello was in one of her deep moods. For she had been queer even then, of course. The way she'd walk in front of cars, as if daring them to strike her; the way she'd stretch herself, when the five-thirty gong sounded, throwing out her arms, throwing back her head, standing all stiff and still with her eyes closed, as if she was waiting for something. . . .



She shouted two whole stories down her trumpet.

Then she had suddenly wanted to know about her, Miss Tillson. Where did she live, what did she do? She had put her arms on the table, dragging her sleeve in some gravy. "Tell me," she said. "Tell me!"

Miss Tillson still flushed a little when she went back to that scene. It had been such a treat to talk about herself. She had got rather excited, letting her voice squeak, letting everything rush out anyhow.

"I live with Aunt Jessie — " that was how she had begun. They were at Mrs. Quimby's, a boarding house on the south side, near the shoe factory, and they had been there for six years, and Aunt Jessie, who used to be a dressmaker when dressmaking was a proper business, earned their room by mending all of Mrs. Quimby's towels and stockings and bed linen and table linen, and she, Miss Tillson, paid for their meals — twenty-five cents for breakfast and forty-five for dinner — and Aunt Jessie, at noon, cooked herself an egg or a bit of fish (she was very fond of fish, her father having been a sailor and caught them) on the oil stove, there being an oil stove because the room was on the top floor, in the attic, in fact, and wasn't heated by the pipes, and wasn't cleaned either, although it was supposed to be, so that she had to sweep it out every evening because the carpet got all messed up with threads, and she couldn't stand a mess — could sort of *feel* it, even in her sleep — and if crumbs were left around the mice came, of course, from the hole behind the washstand, a big hole that they stuffed up once a week with newspaper, but without doing any good because they came just the same, right through it all, tearing and

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scratching, you never heard such a row. . . .

She had gone on and on; and Rosa Novello had kept her arms on the table, kept her eyes fastened on her face in that queer, digging way; she had said: "My God!" — she said that often, just as she, Miss Tillson, might say "Oh, dear!" — "But how do you stick it! Why don't you do something? Why don't you clear out?"

She had been quite flabbergasted. "Clear out!" But where — why? And what about Aunt Jessie? She couldn't leave her. Good gracious — of course not! Who'd pay for her food, who'd buy her bits of fish? And who'd shout things down her ear trumpet? Nobody else ever did. There she sat all day, locked up in silence, sewing and sewing, wearing her old pink dressing gown and her flabby felt slippers. All day she waited for Miss Tillson to come home and shout things down her ear trumpet.

She loved, especially, to hear about the fashions. "Touching the floor?" she would say. "Fancy that!" Every week Miss Tillson went upstairs to the Better Dress Department and gathered fresh information. "There's a black crêpe," she would report, "with a metal girdle, made like a snake — you stick its tail in its mouth; and silver buttons all down the sleeves — like this —" She made drawings sometimes to demonstrate, and after she had finished with them Aunt Jessie always took the pencil and put necks on the dresses and heads on the necks, funny heads with crossed eyes and mustaches. It was a sort of joke. . . .

Rosa Novello had said: "All right. Go on! Tell me some more!"

And in her excitement she had brought forth all her small hoardings, spread them all out, in a short bright row: how once she had seen Mary Pickford, as close as anything; how another time she had guessed right and won a lovely leather traveling bag with glass bottles inside it; how she had got caught in that storm; how she had said, in front of everybody: "You brute! If you hit him again I'll report you to the police!"; how, every month, she sent a dollar bill to Mrs. Baker —

She had been interruped there: "Why? Who's she?"

After a moment's hesitation she had confessed the whole thing. Such a dreadful thing! Uncle Herbert, Aunt Jessie's husband, had — swindled — Mr. Baker. Aunt Jessie had never really got over it: she still turned red when people talked about robberies, still flinched a bit when they passed a policeman. And now Mr. Baker was dead, and Uncle Herbert was dead, and Mrs. Baker was in some sort of Home, and every month she, Miss Tillson, sent her a dollar bill. It was posted on the first; and on the third, regularly, without fail, came the letter of acknowledgment: "I thank you kindly for remembering me. Your friend, Mrs. Baker." There was never any change, not a word put in, not a word left out; but each time it arrived she opened it and read it through, quite slowly, with a soft, secret pleasure. It was silly, of course — but always, behind the thin, wavering letters, she seemed to see an old, old lady, in a white apron, bowing. . . .

Rosa Novello had said: "But why do you do it? For God's sake, *why?*"

It had seemed so plain: because Uncle Herbert had swindled Mr. Baker. But she hadn't seen it; she had been queer — angry, almost savage, with her eyes like pale fire in her dark face. "Of all fool things! What's it got to do with *you!* What about *yourself!* You make — how much money? Fourteen dollars a week! And you feed your aunt — you make presents to old women! My God! why don't you start an orphan asylum, why don't you throw away quarters to the pigeons —"

She *had* gone on! And the worst of it, the dreadful part, was that she, Miss Tillson, had gradually accepted what she said. After all, what reason was there for *her* sending a dollar? She hadn't swindled anybody. And it wasn't even as if Uncle Herbert had been a real uncle; he had been Aunt Jessie's husband — no concern of hers, none whatever. And a dollar a month! Why, think — in two months she could get a new hat; in three months — It had gone to her head a bit; and when the first had come around again she had bought a chop for lunch and a silk scarf with a fringe.

My word, what a time that had been! Everywhere she had looked she had seen an old lady, with puzzled eyes. She had stood it for three days; but suddenly, on the fourth, in the middle of the evening, she had thrust a bill into an envelope and gone running down the street to the letter box. The acknowledgment had been prompt and unchanged: "I thank you kindly for remembering me. Your friend, Mrs. Baker." And, as she read it, the old lady had

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bowed to her through the words, and something had seemed to click back into place, bringing such a warm, such a penetrating rush of relief that she had become quite hilarious — had gone out and bought a large bar of chocolate and an illustrated magazine, and, hurrying home again, sat close beside Aunt Jessie and shouted two whole stories down her attentively poised trumpet. . . .

And it was then, for the first time, that it had come to her, very dimly, that Rosa Novello was *wicked.*

IV

AND AFTER THAT the last scene of all, the evening at the end of which the curtain had fallen, as abruptly as it had risen, on the little play.

It had been a Saturday, at the close of April. The weather had turned suddenly warm so that they had had to carry their coats, and Rosa Novello had carried her hat, too, swinging it from one hand. She had asked her, Miss Tillson, to go to a movie with her. The Superba, they had decided on; and hurried straight off after leaving the store, and sat up in the balcony in the second section of seats.

The Superba — what a treat it was to go there! The big gilded entrance, marked into aisles by red plush cords, and the fan-shaped stairway, and the upper hall with its brocaded couches, and tapestries, and painted cages holding real canaries, and real flowers floating on the water in shallow stone basins; and then the dim, slanting passage with the little round glow at the end that was the flashlight in the usher's hand, the passage leading up — up — into the warm, sweetish darkness of the balcony.

Every bit of it, every detail, was a vivid pleasure to her: following the pale circle of light on the thick carpet, pushing down her seat, taking off her hat — feeling, and sort of sucking deep into herself, the mysterious richness of the place, the things glinting about the ceiling, the shadowy fall of velvet draperies. And the program itself: the orchestra rising out of the floor, playing as it came; and the spangled curtains sweeping apart, and after them the thin, lacelike ones, leaving the big white screen — blank for a moment — a square glare. Queer how terribly exciting it always was, that moment of blankness! Her heart jumped, her hands came together. What was going to flash forth? Anything might — *anything!*

The program of that close-of-April evening had remained extraordinarily clear. The News, with triangles of airplanes, and a man saying "I am very happy to have this opportunity —" and the Queen stepping out of a carriage, wearing one of her hats . . . and the travel film, with funny-looking temples; and the picture itself — that lovely house, like a castle, and the foreign woman, with her nasty narrow eyes and her back bare to the waist, and the end of it — the girl running off in the moonlight, and the way he had run after her, and caught her by the pool. . . .

Rosa Novello had leaned forward the whole time, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands; she had sat stiff and still, never moving and never speaking. They had stayed to see the entire show twice. She, Miss Tillson, always did — sometimes even longer, until her head throbbed and the figures on the screen grew blurred and jerky. It was silly, of course, but the getting up, the leaving — they were so curiously painful.

She would tell herself: "You must go now. Come along! Put your hat on!" and immediately, all through her, there would be that dreadful, sinking feeling. Through the darkness she would force herself, down the dim passage, out into the blazing brilliance of the lobby; and then, at last — back again — back into her life, as if it were a coat that she had checked for a few hours at the gilded entrance. The feeling would pass off in time; but just at first, for a frightening moment or two, as she stepped into the street, it would always seem to her that she couldn't bear the shock of the return, that she must cry out against it, must open her mouth wide and scream. . . .

And that evening she had made a discovery. Quite suddenly, without a word being said, she had known that Rosa Novello felt exactly the same way.

They had gone across the Square into the Park, walking slowly and aimlessly. It had been warm out still. Other people had been moving under the trees, and where the lamps stood there had been flat yellow disks on the ground, like spotlights, and a faint colorless glow in the new leaves. They hadn't spoken as they walked, or even touched sleeves, or glanced at one another; and after a while Rosa Novello

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had sat down on a bench, and she, Miss Tillson, had sat down beside her.

There had been such a nice fresh smell, she could remember — of grass; and stillness had lain about them, an almost theatrical stillness, with no smallest stir overhead and the wandering people like shadows, with shadowy voices.

Rosa Novello had leaned forward, her arms crossed on her knees. There had been a lamp farther along, and its light had caught her face — her mouth, with the red stuff on it half bitten away, her eyes, pale and staring, like the eyes of a cat. They had sat there motionless; and as they sat — gradually, mysteriously, there was no explaining how it had happened — the stillness had seemed to close in on them, the Park had seemed to change into a carefully planned "set," with cardboard trees ranged about them, and a bed of paper flowers, and the sky painted a very dark, solid purple, without moon or stars.

She had cried out: "Stop it! Stop it!"

It was funny how she, Miss Tillson, had seemed to be *prepared*. She had gone tense all over; she had even thought — yes! she could recall the very words — she had thought: "Something is going to happen!" At a certain moment! At a given signal! And then, suddenly, Rosa Novello had spoken:

"Don't you feel it?" she had said. "Don't you feel it, too?"

My word, how her breath had left her! She had sat stiff as wood! And Rosa Novello had gone on staring into space, gone on speaking, not loudly, but with a sort of low, slow fierceness:

"What is going to become of us?" And she had turned to her then, quite roughly, and gripped her arm and cried: "For God's sake! Don't you feel it, too?" her voice all at once flaring out so that she, Miss Tillson, in a small panic, had thought: "Oh, dear! I do hope nobody will hear her!"

"Look at us!" she had said. "Day after day, year after year — what are we expecting? What is going to *happen?*" Her fingers must have dug deeply into her arm, for it had been stamped with little red marks, hours afterward. "Look at you — *you sitting there!* What are you doing — at the bottom of yourself, all the time, every minute? You're waiting; you're thinking that somehow — *somehow* —" and she had stopped short then, staring into her face; and then laughed suddenly, such a harsh, frightening laugh! "Oh, I know you!" she had said: "You think he'll walk in one day, just walk into the basement — stand there so handsome against the Ladies' Wash Dresses! He'll say, 'I've been looking for you everywhere — all my millions are yours — all my heart — all my —'"

Oh, how dreadful that had been, how dreadful! She had gone hot all over; she had cried out: "No! No!" quite violently. For it was untrue — untrue! He wasn't handsome any more, and he didn't have millions. No, of course not! That was how he had been once, but not now, not for ever such a long time now! He had a — kind face; and he was tall — that was the only thing she had clung to, he was still tall, but so many men were tall, there was nothing silly in that; and he had just enough, not millions, but just *enough*. And lately, within these last two or three years, that was, he had become a widower — or divorced — it didn't matter particularly which, the chief thing being that he had been married before, and his wife had been one of those smart, glittering women you read about and saw advertised at the back of magazines; she had been beautiful and clever — and utterly, utterly heartless.

He had been quite infatuated at first; but very soon, almost immediately in fact, he had found her out, had realized the small worth of her cleverness and the emptiness of her beauty; he was untouched by them now, sick of them, through with them forever. He said: "You make such things seem so cheap, and

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trivial. It is only love that matters." And he said: "Although you aren't beautiful, there is something about your face — something strangely attractive; and your hair is lovely, of course —" For she had never cut her hair. In the daytime it was twisted into a great sagging lump, and it straggled into her eyes, and became a hot weight in summer — but all these years she had kept it uncut, had brushed it each night, twenty-four strokes, so that one day, one day, she might let it down for him, all long and soft. . . .

So she had cried out: "No! No!" quite violently.

And Rosa Novello had said: "Why are you ashamed? How could you bear it if you didn't have that?" with her eyes like two yellow fires, holding her, scorching her. "Where is your life?" she had said. "You get up, and you go to the store, and you go back to your aunt, and you get up, and you go to the store — My God! where is your *life!*"

A sort of horror had come into her voice; and all at once she, Miss Tillson, had felt it too, felt it creeping toward her, creeping into her — a strange, black horror. She had forgotten that people might be overhearing them, forgotten the people themselves, and the Park, and the spring night; she had seen only Rosa Novello, hunched forward, heard only Rosa Novello, saying: "Day after day, year after year — we wait, wait — but what is going to become of us? What is going to happen? *Where is our life!*"

And something had seemed to take place in her head: suddenly, terrifyingly, it had been as if the little walls of her life, the little walls that divided her, Miss Tillson, from all the rest of the universe, had cracked apart — so that for a few blinding moments, she had been left wide open to — everything, everywhere, the whole world; had been stranded in the midst of it, had felt it rush up against her, *felt* it, *realized* it — vast cities, and seas, and kings on thrones, and street crowds, and strange jungles, and desert tribesmen, and parades, and ships — and more, more — Oh, a thousand times more! — spinning planets, and the past sweeping back and back, without end, and the future sweeping endlessly ahead, and she, Miss Tillson — here — now — a tiny point — she, Miss Tillson, every month sending a dollar bill to Mrs. Baker, every week stuffing fresh newspaper in the hole behind the washstand, every second night washing out her underwear, every day saying "What size, what color?" and picking threads off the carpet, and carefully brushing her hair, twenty-four strokes — over and over, year after year, until — until —

She had cried out: "Stop it! Stop it!" She had clutched at Rosa Novello's sleeve, and shaken it violently — torn it, she remembered, torn it in her terror. "Stop! Stop!"

And she had stopped. She had sat there without a sound, staring at her; and then she had said: "Yes — *that!*" and the next moment had thrown her head into her lap and crossed her arms over it, and was rocking back and forth, and crying — crying — wildly, dreadfully — in the yellow lamplight.

She, Miss Tillson, had remained seated for a minute; and then, quite suddenly, she had got up and run away.

V

THERE WAS no numbering the times she had gone back to that and wondered why she had run, or if she ought to have stayed. Perhaps — But it had seemed the only thing to do; it had seemed as if it were written, the last of her directions: "When Rosa Novello begins to cry you must get up and leave, for the play will be ended."

And it had been the end.

On Monday morning there had been no one behind the drapes and cushions counter. Mr. Crew had strode up and down, calling: "Number Twelve! Where's Number Twelve?" but nobody had known, nobody had known the slightest thing about her until a long time afterward, in midsummer, when Miss Fingell had come in and said: "Say! d'you remember that Novello girl?"

She had been visiting the night before, at a friend's, and happening to look out of the window she had seen her, Rosa Novello — no mistake about it! She'd been going into the apartment building opposite; and she, Miss Fingell, had called her friend quickly, and her friend had said, Oh, yes, the street was full of them (the other side of the street, not her friend's) and she'd noticed this one especially, her eyes, and the way she wandered around, as if she was looking for — well, not business — sort of — well, she'd noticed her, and noticed that it seemed to be the same man with her,

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too, a youngish one, sort of sporty-looking, who turned up in a big car, and with a dog beside him — the dog being the first thing she'd noticed because it had struck her as so sort of funny, bringing a *dog*. . . .

How the news had spread! It had gone flaming into every corner of the basement. "Say! y'remember that Novello girl?" Even Mr. Crew had heard. He had been quite interested, coming over to Miss Fingell and asking questions of her himself. And she, Miss Tillson — why she had almost fainted! She had had to go and sit down while someone brought her water in a paper cup; and for hours afterwards, for days even, every time she had thought of it she had turned as shaky as a leaf. . . .

And now, seeing her like this! My word!

It was being the first time, of course, since that evening. That evening — queer how it had come over her again, the smell of grass, the lamplight, the way she'd —

But never mind; don't think about that! The woman opposite had almost finished her pie. It must be getting late. Yes — just look at that time! Where on earth had it gone to? She'd better hurry: Mr. Crew was always so —

How messy the egg looked, how nasty! Day after day, year after year — Oh, dear! It was seeing her like that, suddenly, without any warning. She would leave the egg. Yes, that was it! She would get up and leave. Her purse, her cotton gloves, her cardboard check — there, she was all ready. Now past the tables, now standing by the brass rail.

Her eyes had been so strange, hadn't they? — like fires, scorching her; and the stillness — funny how she seemed to be able to feel the stillness, right here, in the middle of Harvey's Cafeteria; and Rosa Novello's voice —

But she mustn't do this! Of course not! It was seeing her — and she felt a little "off" to-day, anyhow, what with the rain, and the sale, and Mr. Crew coming up on her again, and the chicken pie, and — she'd be all right to-morrow! Here! put the check on the desk, and twenty cents. It was always twenty cents. The cashier didn't even look at the check. Miss Tillson — twenty cents. And now out from behind the brass rail, past the cigarette stand, up to the door.

She had such a queer feeling sometimes when she was leaving. A small flicker of excitement, as if, on the other side of the door — What was on the other side? The street, the Square, Sellinger's Basement — and yet —

Someone there, someone waiting for her, waiting to step up to her and take her hand and say: "Amy — my dear love!"

Another Cure for Depressions

by **HARVEY N. DAVIS**
President of Stevens Institute of Technology

IN THE JANUARY FORUM, John Maynard Keynes gave an illuminating account of that part of the industrial cycle which we are now experiencing — a period of depression. His treatment of the problem in his article — and more particularly in his new book, *A Treatise On Money* — is masterly, and yet in neither place does he say very much about what you or I or anyone except the international bankers can do about it. The gist of his argument is this:

He begins by separating the production of the community as a whole into what he calls "liquid" or "available" output and "non-available" output. The former he defines as the "flow of liquid goods and services which are in a form available for immediate consumption." Non-available output, on the other hand, is the "net flow of increments (after

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allowing for wastage) to capital-goods and to loan capital . . . which are not in a form available for consumption."

The "liquid" or "available" output of the community, the consumers' goods, includes, of course, not only food, clothing, and the rest of the necessities of life, but also all of its luxuries, such as books, art objects, and the like, and a wide variety of personal services ranging from those of the single servant of the modest household to the services in amusing, entertaining, instructing, or inspiring us rendered by such artists as Babe Ruth, Will Rogers, Glenn Frank, Ruth Draper, or the Philharmonic Orchestra. In so far as these consumers' goods are things, they are the intimate, personal possessions of individuals as such, even in a Socialistic utopia. And in so far as they are services, the enjoyment of them is also a highly personal matter.

Woodcuts by Howard Cook, Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

Of whichever nature they may be, they constitute not only the basis of the individual's continued existence, but also the totality of that enrichment of his life which alone makes life worth living. A large volume *per capita* of consumers' goods, produced and consumed, is what we mean by a high standard of living. The whole social justification of the Machine Age, and its whole idealistic motivation, lies in its power to increase the *per capita* production and consumption of consumers' goods. And yet, if I understand him aright, Keynes tells us that in the long run the only way, at least in a capitalistic state, to increase the *per capita* consumption of consumers' goods is — if not actually, at least relatively — to decrease the amount spent for them.

I hasten to add that my statement of this economic paradox is only partly true to Keynes' argument, as will soon appear. To follow that argument, we must next separate the community's money-income into two categories: first, its money-expenditure on current consumption; and second, its savings.

There has been much discussion in late years of the economic consequences of saving, or thrift. Some of us who read Foster and Catchings' provocative books got the impression that thrift (or at least too much thrift) might have its dangers as well as its traditional advantages. We noticed a year or two ago that the billboards which had cannily urged us to "Buy a Ford and bank the difference" suddenly began to suggest that we "Buy a Ford and spend the difference"; and in the current depression the slogan is "Buy Now," with little or no emphasis on Benjamin Franklin's praise of the penny saved. All this sounds very plausible, and yet those of us who have Scotch or New England ancestry cannot help feeling that something is wrong with any system of practical ethics that makes thrift a sin.

The great appeal, to me at least, of Keynes' argument is that it gets us out of this thrift dilemma by making a sharp distinction between "saving" and "investment." To quote him: "Saving is the act of the individual consumer and consists in the negative act of refraining from spending the whole of his current income on consumption. . . . Investment, on the other hand, is the act of the entrepreneur whose function it is to make the decisions which determine the amount of the non-available (or capital) output, and consists in the positive act of starting or maintaining some process of production or of withholding liquid goods. It is measured by the net addition to wealth, whether in the form of fixed capital, working capital, or liquid capital."

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Now Keynes believes that the rise from depression to prosperity is not merely accompanied by, but is actually caused by a continuing excess of investment over saving, and that the fall from prosperity to depression is caused by a deficiency of investment as compared with current saving. The reasons for this belief, which fill the first twelve chapters of his treatise, are too involved to summarize here; let us therefore assume its validity and see to what consequences it leads.

The excess of investment over saving, which is then so desirable in a period of extreme depression such as this, could conceivably be produced by increased saving. To a certain extent this is, unfortunately, the process by which an excess is actually produced at the bottom of a depression. Things reach a stage where a considerable proportion of the population cannot save. Furthermore, and this is quantitatively a much more important matter, the normally very considerable volume of saving by corporations in the form of undivided profits plowed back into their businesses diminishes greatly, until even though the total investing by the entrepreneurs of the community is, at such times, unusually small, the total saving ultimately gets even smaller, and business starts up again. It is because of this possibility that my statement of Keynes' economic paradox was not the whole story. And it is this possibility which justifies, to a certain extent, the "thriftless" or "Buy Now" campaigns.

But to make the saving process even smaller in volume than the investing process is not nearly so sensible or so comfortable a way of getting ourselves out of a depression as is the equally effective expedient of making the investing process even larger in volume than the saving process. That this is by far the most desirable way out is, as I see it, the gist of Keynes' argument. This does not mean at all that everybody should rush off to buy some stocks or bonds in Wall Street. That is not "investing" from the community point of view, as Keynes explicitly points out in one of his keen observations; it is merely transferring an old investment from one individual to another, and has no direct effect at all on depression and unemployment. What is needed is that some entrepreneur shall begin to buy or build some new material extension of plant, or shall increase, for some good reason, the necessary working capital of some going concern.

Of course all this is more easily said than done. It is characteristic of such times as these that most businesses cannot find sound economic justification for increasing either plant or working capital. But it is also characteristic of such times as these that every little bit helps. In that spirit I propose to mention three such investment activities that could well be undertaken with special and concerted enthusiasm, and with sound economic justification, in depression periods.

Public Works and Maintenance

THE FIRST is the public works program that Foster and Catchings brought into prominence. This has already caught the attention and fired the imagination of the public to such an extent as to need no further urging here. I mention it merely to show that it is distinctly on the constructive side of Keynes' proposal.

Presumably the reason (aside from its political expediency) that led Foster and Catchings to urge this form of investment in preference

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to any more strictly industrial type was that investment in public works is likely to be both more feasible and safer than would be any attempt to increase industrial plant investment in a depression period.

On the other hand, one should not wholly forget the side of the picture suggested by certain resolutions adopted at the recent annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers. Four sentences from these resolutions are as follows: "The present volume and continuing increase of public expenditures present a fiscal problem of the first magnitude. . . . As the chief subject of taxation, it deserves the special attention of the manufacturer. We offer no objection to unusually large expenditures for public purposes to meet emergencies and to alleviate the hardships of temporary depressions. The permanent policy of the Government, however, should be one of economy and retrenchment in expenditures." That is, in so far as the Foster and Catchings public works remedy increases taxes, it is, to that extent, unfortunate.

A second investment activity which should play a part in mitigating every depression is the concentration into such periods of all repair and maintenance work, all rearrangement of plant for better production methods, and the like that can properly be postponed to such a time. Furthermore, there should be a considerable increase, rather than the all too customary decrease, in research and development work. A well-known professor of economics is quoted as saying that the only way to end an industrial depression is for somebody to invent something — a vividly true epigram in the light of Keynes' argument as to the efficacy of starting new businesses as a means of raising prices. But this means that industry should feel itself under special obligation during a depression to pursue research and development work, especially of a type likely to lead to the development of new products.

The obvious way to secure the desired concentration of all these forms of industrial investment activity into depression periods is to set up reserves for the purpose in times of prosperity, which, incidentally, would happily mitigate the prosperity as well as the subsequent depression. Particularly would this be desirable in the case of the railroads, for their maintenance could be much more effectively

done in slack times, when interruptions by passing freight trains are much less numerous. If, as I am informed, the setting up of reserves for such a purpose is frowned upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is to be hoped that the Commission will be persuaded by the hardships of this winter to modify this attitude in the future.

Investing in Education

A third investment activity peculiarly appropriate to such times as these, if Keynes is right, is one that has been so universally ignored by those who have discussed these matters as perhaps to deserve the name "another cure for depressions." It seems to me to have all the Keynesian advantages and none of the secondary disadvantages of either industrial or public works investment in a depression period. I refer to the possibility of notably increasing the rate of investment both in the plant and in the working capital of what is perhaps the largest, and is certainly the most important, industry in the country — the tremendous business of educating our youth.

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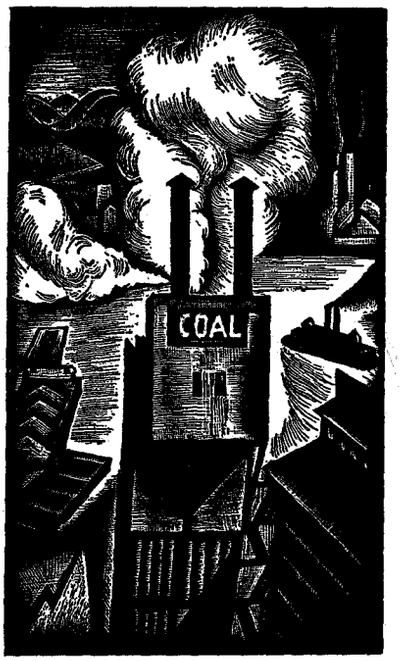
This is an industry that booms in times of depression. The total enrollment in the high schools and colleges (particularly the men's colleges) of the country is materially higher this year than last; bad times always bring more applicants for admission. It is also an industry that can be expanded, even in bad times, with almost absolute assurance of future profits to the community; and by profits I mean not only social and spiritual benefits — important as they are — but actual money profits to the community as a whole. It has been proved over and over again that the earning power of any boy or girl who is fit to go to high school or college is increased by that training to an extent, measurable in dollars and cents, that constitutes a very high return on the community's investment in him.

But it is not the altruistic or emotional side of such investments that I wish to stress; it is their purely economic effect in the light of Keynes' argument. What I am suggesting is that one of the most effective ways of pulling ourselves out of the present industrial depression would be at once to increase largely our rate of investing in the capital goods of the schools and colleges throughout the United States. For such of them as are tax-supported — and this includes most of the elementary schools, many of the high and preparatory schools, and a considerable number of the colleges — the procedure would be to increase appropriations for new buildings and new equipment as an important part of every emergency public works program.

In the case of the endowed preparatory schools and colleges, the investing must be done by benefactors of large vision in whom this economic argument may perhaps intensify that urge of loyalty or of altruism which prompts their generous giving in ordinary times. From the point of view of the community as a whole, struggling to work its way out of depression and unemployment, he who gives now, gives doubly. If everyone who reads these lines would do his bit to help the business world out of depression by seriously considering the needs for new plant and equipment of that endowed school or college nearest his heart, there would ensue not only a tremendous boon to education and to the future welfare of the community, but a very real present boon to harassed business.

It may be argued that the scope of this adventure could not possibly be large enough to affect materially the business cycle. If so, it is only because neither the altruism nor the enlightened self-interest of potential benefactors can be stirred on a sufficiently large scale. Certainly the opportunities for investment are there in a very considerable volume. There are more than seven hundred colleges in the country, to say nothing of preparatory schools.

These buildings would cost anywhere from a hundred thousand to a million dollars apiece, according to the location and size of the college. If we assume an average pressing need per college of only one $200,000 building (including its equipment), the potential "capital investment" absorbing power of this suggestion is more than $150,000,000 — a sum materially larger than the emergency public works appropriation recently voted by Congress. And there are ways in which twice this sum could be advantageously spent if it were available. There is no question that this means of combating hard times could be made large enough to influence materially the coming business revival if potential benefactors, public and private, choose to do so.



Another important side of the school and college situation parallels certain industrial activities already mentioned. Educational institutions, like industrial plants, have a tendency to accumulate the need for repair and maintenance work to a point that makes an occasional thoroughgoing check-up and a period of unusual maintenance activity not only desirable but inevitable. The usual tendency is to keep the buildings and grounds budget at the lowest possible level, so that the largest part of the institution's always inadequate income can be used toward strengthening the faculty.

Furthermore, there are always important but postponable opportunities for rearrangements of plant to facilitate better "production" methods under the steadily changing conditions of modern education. These jobs also tend to accumulate, and for the same reason. If Keynes is right, a period of industrial depression or of slowly reviving business activity is economically the best possible time for benefactors to instigate and finance "spruce up" and "check up" campaigns in the educational institutions in which they are interested. The amount of money that could be profitably and efficiently spent in this way might easily reach one hundred million dollars.

The investment by private benefactors of a part of their savings in the capital goods of schools and colleges is not only effective in the Keynesian sense, but it is also entirely free from that disadvantage of some industrial investments which was mentioned above as the chief concern of Foster and Catchings — namely, a possible overproduction of industrial plant. It is equally free from the disadvantage of a public works program which is suggested by the resolutions of the Manufacturers' Association. From every point of view it is, as far as it can be made to go, the ideal way of combating industrial depressions.

Hard times have been notoriously inauspicious occasions for presenting the needs of colleges even to those who could afford to give. It is the common belief that at such times nobody has liquid funds available for donation. But there is no reason why large benefactors should feel that they must give liquid funds wrung from some other use. Why could they not give credit instead — credit based on their expectations of available liquid savings in a later period of the business cycle? When a man of affairs wants to finance a business undertaking he goes to his bank. Why should he not feel free to do the same in connection with the public-spirited adventure here discussed? There are hundreds of men whose properly secured notes, running into seven and even eight figures, supported by suitable life insurance and renewable if necessary, could be discounted by the colleges in order to finance building programs now and during the coming summer; and there are thousands of such men in the six-figure class. Then, too, the technique of the overdraft, mentioned by Keynes as a growing practice in English banking, might be adapted to the requirements of the occasion.

There is every reason to hope that if Keynes' clear vision comes to be shared by men of wealth, hard times will be the most auspicious occasions for concerted efforts to increase the rate of "capital investment" by the community in the education of its youth.

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Forum Definitions

What Is a Friend?

IT APPEARS from the specimens submitted this month that many of our contestants, before asking themselves, "What is a friend?" should have paused to ask, "What is a definition?" There were very few attempts to define the word accurately and dispassionately. The results suggest that most of the contestants, instead of trying to puzzle out just what the word *friend* means to them, went into a sort of mystic communion with their souls, wherein they evoked all the sentimental connotations ever associated with the term and after working themselves into an emotional frenzy, dashed off on paper whatever they found in their minds.

A definition is not a poem, nor is its clarity enhanced by rhyme, meter, and poetic metaphors, as certain of our frequent contributors appear to believe. Others think to seduce the Definitions Editor with such tinsel trumperies as hand-decorated manuscripts bearing designs of lilies or Stars of Bethlehem. Webster says a definition is "a description of a thing by its properties; an explanation of the meaning of a word or term," and we stand by that.

The following have been awarded prizes as the best submitted this month.

1. A friend is one with whom an intimate relationship of mutual affection, loyalty, and understanding has been solidly established. (*Nan Braymer, Holicong, Pa.*)

2. A friend is one who recognizes the struggles of another and senses his aspirations, is tolerant of him while not condoning his faults, neither overestimates the strength of his character nor exaggerates the weakness, endeavors to see beyond the act — evil or good — the thought that inspired it, sympathizes with him in his failure but rejoices as sincerely in his success, and through all has faith in him and is loyal to him. (*Virginia Lee Byerly, Coral Gables, Fla.*)

3. A friend is one who has implicit faith in you; who has sympathetic understanding; who is steadfast, loyal, and helpful in whatever condition of life you may be placed. (*Charles F. Bieder, Geneva, Ohio*)

4. A friend is one whose pleasure in your companionship and whose helping hand and hearty sympathy stay constant through the years, with or without social accessories, unaffected by the varied pranks which fate may play upon your health and fortune. (*L. V. B. Gray, Oak Park, Ill.*)

Note: — After next month the Definitions Department will be discontinued. Readers who have enjoyed participating in the definitions contests are advised to watch for the announcement of a new contest next month.

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TRAVEL

The Trail of '98

by **JAMES CLYDE GILBERT**

A STRANGE land is Alaska—America's last frontier! From the far northern seas it sweeps south, many leagues, to the warm westward isles where the breath of the breeze from Japan fills the air. Silent snowfields lie sleeping, where the feet of the fairies may have danced, but no man's foot has trodden. There are busy towns far inland that spring to life when the restless miners dig and scramble for gold at the call of each new stampede to the strike. Massive ice-covered peaks lift their faces against skies so blue it seems all the color in the world must have been poured there. Painted hills of the mighty Yukon rise like rainbows. Soft, heavy greens cover the coast slopes of the Inside Passage. We were bound for Dawson town on the lower Yukon where the Klondike strike of '98 brought a horde of gold seekers down the treacherous river to dig for the precious metal which was then found at the grass roots.

A Garden in Skagway

When the United States bought the territory from Russia for less than eight million dollars, Mr. Seward, who sponsored the purchase in the Senate, was accused of having squandered that much public money "on an iceberg." The country was dubbed "Seward's Folly," and for years thereafter the inherited misinformation was passed along, even in our public schools, that Alaska was a land of snow, ice, and Eskimos — utterly unfit for white people. Then came the Klondike strike in Yukon Territory, just across the line from Alaska. Dawson was founded, thousands came to dig for gold and remained to establish fisheries and fur posts. To-day Alaska is known for what it is, a treasure-laden region, a land of gardens and flowers.

Alaska is but six days distant from the Atlantic Coast, five days from Detroit. Prince Rupert, the port of our embarkation, is but a few hours distant from Ketchikan, Alaska. The third largest seaport in British Columbia, Prince Rupert is 485 miles nearer the Orient than any other Pacific Coast port. All the larger steamships stop en route north to Alaska. At the mouth of the Skeena River, it is located on one of the finest harbors in the world, locked in from the high seas by islands of the Inside Passage. What struck us most forcibly in this city was the sight of a fine Indian totem pole brought from Queen Charlotte Islands. It is over 200 years old and is known as the "Grizzly Bear" totem. All along the Inside Passage are Indian villages with strange figures carved in cedar standing guard at the door of each house — the totem or family crest.

We touched again at Juneau, the capital of the Territory, where gold is being mined in the hills over the city. Then on up the beautiful Inside Passage to Skagway, the end of our ocean trip. The Inside Passage of Alaska and British Columbia is protected by a submerged mountain range whose peaks form a barrier keeping out the rough seas of the Pacific. Along the coast the steamship *Prince Rupert* nosed its way as in a calm lake, though out

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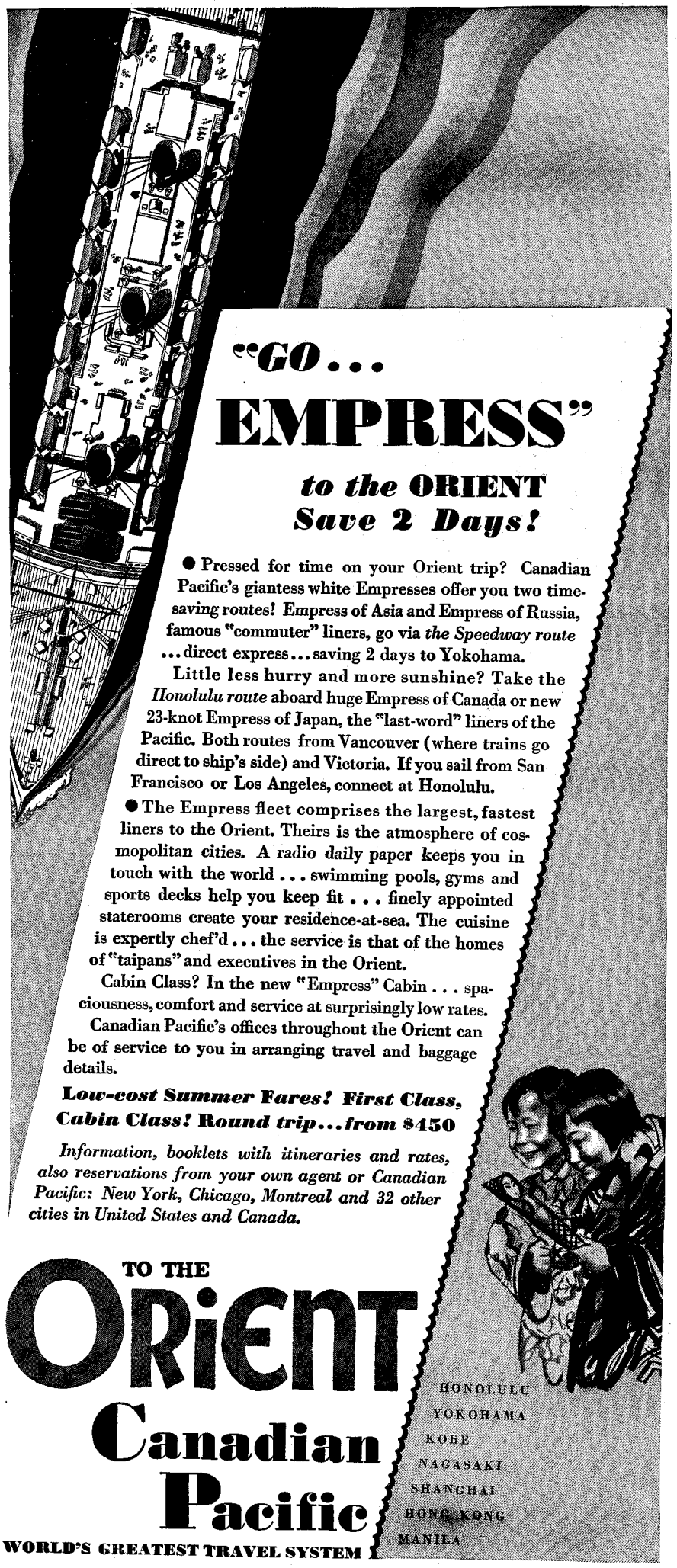
in the open sea they were having stormy weather. As we neared Skagway we entered Lynn Canal amid a scene of uncomparable beauty. For sixty miles our ship plowed through tranquil waters between towering gray walls rising at times fully 6,000 feet sheer from the water's edge. From the snow-capped peaks waterfalls leaped down the mountain sides in veils of spray and roaring white water to plunge into the sea with a thunderous roar. Beautiful wooded islands passed to our rear, the whistle sounded its mellow voice, and we drifted into Skagway.

I SHALL ALWAYS think of Skagway as the City of Flowers. In August we saw in the Blanchard garden such a profusion of floral life that I was amazed. I measured some of the blooms and made a note of it to be sure I would be right when I told the friends at home that frozen Alaska was more floral than the United States. There were dahlias ten inches across and sweet peas growing ten feet high. One bed of pansies boasted faces three inches in diameter.

Here was the old outfitting place for the Klondike. Here miners bought their food, blankets, and mining equipment and began the long trek on the historic Trail of '98. Our train followed the old trail, as it was the line of least resistance over the mountain range to the headwaters of the Yukon. The White Pass and Yukon route follows the trail of the gold-seekers up the steep mountain side, deviating from time to time to find easier grades or to span deep chasms. Jagged peaks soar into the blue sky. Waterfalls leap 3,000 feet down the mountains. Over all, great glaciers gleam at close range, their shivering breath enveloping the train at times.

We went above the timber line to a land that is rock and lichen, typical of the Arctic so much farther north — high above, to an eerie barrens with highly-colored rocks and rushing waters. We crossed the international boundary into British Columbia, followed the Yukon headwaters down the northern slope to Lake Bennett and into Yukon Territory. Near Carcross — so named because at one time Caribou crossed there by thousands on their regular migration to grass lands and lichen fields — the railway runs along the bottoms of several lakes, which were drained to make way for the line. Before we arrived at the end of it we came to Miles Canyon, one of the most fearful places on the entire Yukon. Many a brave man shot the rapids of the canyon and many another tried to do so but failed. Miles Canyon is narrow and all the waters of the big river pour through the rocky chasm with a roar that can be heard far away. In the center is a whirlpool nearly 150 feet in diameter; after that the fall is still greater and the current tears onward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Beyond the Canyon are the seething White Horse Rapids, so called because of the resemblance between the dashing white water and the waving manes of white horses. From this rapids the town of White Horse takes its name.

At White Horse we transferred to the steamer, cast off, and started down north toward Dawson and the Arctic Circle. As we passed the northern outskirts of the town we saw the superannuated hulks of old river boats drying on the ways — the *Bonanza King,* the *Eldorado,* such names! Rheumatism lay in their great, still paddle wheels, gaping holes in their keels. They had become the home of sparrows and packrats. Ships that had carried from the Klondike many times their value in gold bullion. Time had left them on their backs to rot in the sunshine of the long summer days.

Now new river steamers, with names as romantic, ply the waters of the Big River. I talked with Jack Elliott, the second engineer on the steamer *White Horse,* as we drifted down the romantic old stream. Jack came to the Yukon when the first flush of the gold fever had paled. He found instead of gold, another treasure in the form of ivory. It begins in the days, so dim that men can never quite comprehend them, when the gigantic shaggy mastodons lumbered over the north country and gored each other to death with their huge tusks. They perished. They were buried. Now the rushing ice of spring gouges into their burial ground and exposes the ancient dull ivory. Elliott has Indians gather the great tusks and in winter, when all is quiet in the long Arctic night, at White Horse, his home, Elliott makes these up into beads and other carved figures.

IT IS 460 miles from White Horse to Dawson City. A more interesting or romantic stretch of river I have never seen. A continually changing succession of pictures presents itself to view. Here are mighty rolling hills, at times bare, again heavily wooded with spruce and other trees native to this cold winter country. But in August the heat is truly stifling and but for a breeze on the port side we would actually suffer from the heat, which registers 90 in the shade.

We shot down the stream into Lake LaBarge, the scene of Robert Service's poem "The Cremation of Sam Magee," out into the swift thirty-mile river, where the narrow, steep banks fairly whistled by. Then out into more placid water. We saw coal seams high in the cliffs of mountains frowning down on the Yukon. Transportation is too costly for its utilization to the best advantage. Every twenty or forty miles we would see the lone cabin of some settler or gold miner who pans the creeks

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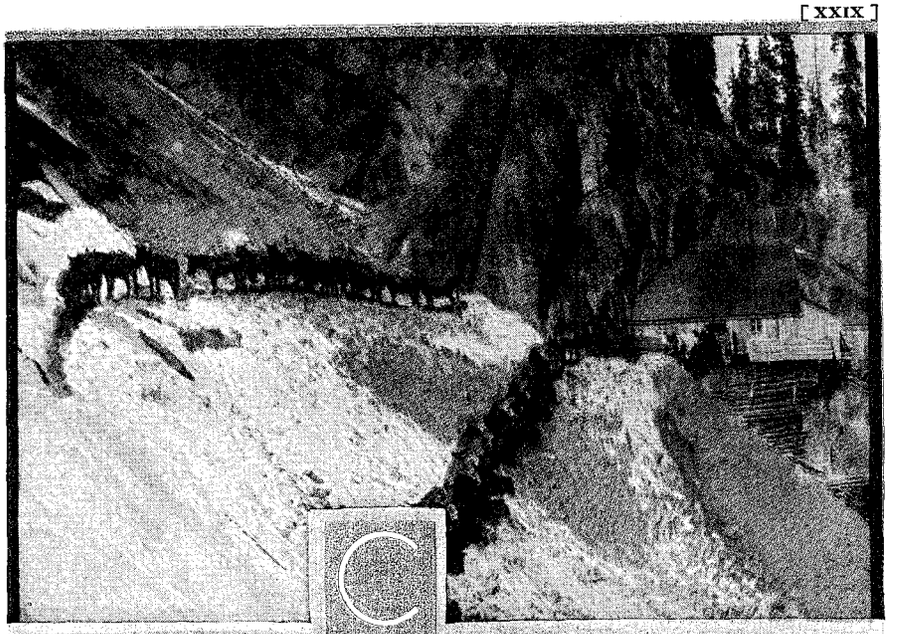
and bars of the Yukon in summer for enough to keep him until the fur season starts, when he traps. One cheerful old fellow we saw floating down the Yukon on a high raft peacefully smoking his pipe, loaded with supplies he had bought in White Horse and heading, no doubt, for his winter cabin. A husky kept him company and howled and moaned as the ship bore down upon them. But our pilot dodged him and went on.

Our ship was a wood-burning vessel and each evening and early morning we stopped an hour to "wood up." This was done by Indians and college boys working their way in summer. They hustled the wood below in huge wheel barrows. Then the boat would back off from the long woodpile and we would again be on our way. We shot the treacherous Five Finger Rapids without a qualm, though some of the ladies screamed a bit as the ship headed for one rock only to be twisted into its course at the proper moment by a pilot who has lived his life on the Yukon. The boat was a typical Mississippi steamship of the old days, with a flat bottom to enable it to rumble over the shallows of Hell's Gate, and with a stern paddle wheel. Each time the boat stopped my son and I hustled out to fish.

ONE MORNING the whistle tooted its last, we swung around a bend, and Dawson town — our destination — lay before us, with the huge scar of the slide behind it in the hill. Just south of the city the lordly Klondike comes to join the Yukon. Gold was discovered on the Klondike and its tributaries in 1897 by George W. Carmack, Robert Henderson, and two natives — Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie. When the news of the strike reached the outside world thousands of people left their work and hurried to the coast to take passage north to the land of Gold. But they did not travel in comfort as we did in fifteen days from Detroit. They suffered and died on the long, cruel trek where each man was out for himself alone and the Devil take the hindmost. We saw their graves along the Trail of '98 when we fished on the return trip.

In Dawson we visited the now silent dance halls with their famous original and valuable paintings still hanging on the walls. We saw the long barrooms and other reminders of a day now gone. There are still some individual miners in the Klondike but most of the work is now done with hydraulic machinery by big companies who invest great sums in the development of this region. They pipe the water from the distant Rocky mountains in flumes and conduits and with hydraulic pressure tear away the hills along the Klondike. Gold is cleaned up each night and reduced to bricks and bars which are in turn shipped out to distant cities.



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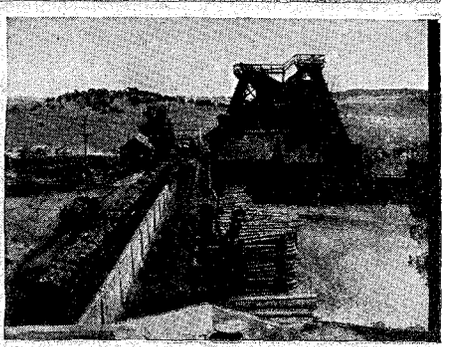
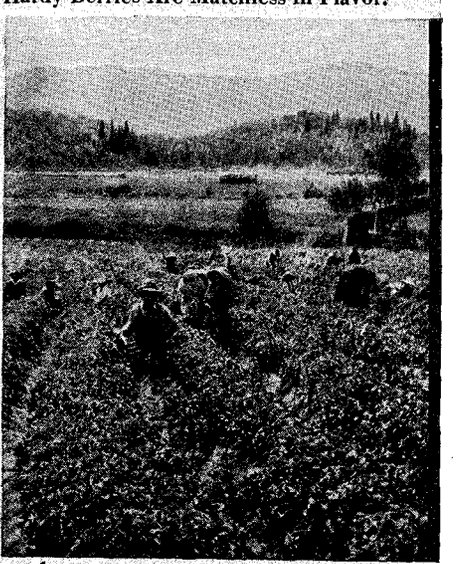


TOP: Metal Mines Often Cling Precariously to Precipices, to Be Reached Only by Trail or Aerial Tram. ABOVE: Modern Collieries Meet Every Demand for Any Grade of Coal. BELOW: Picking High-Altitude Strawberries from Ever-Bearing Plants in August. These Hardy Berries Are Matchless in Flavor!



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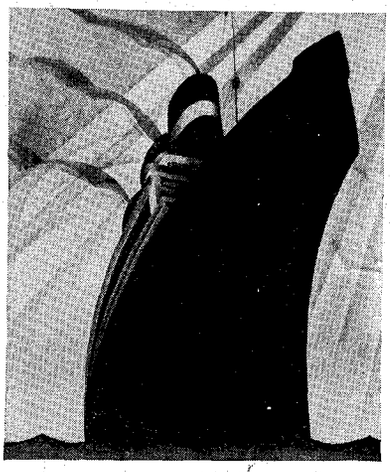

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Travel News

THE WAY TO BAGDAD

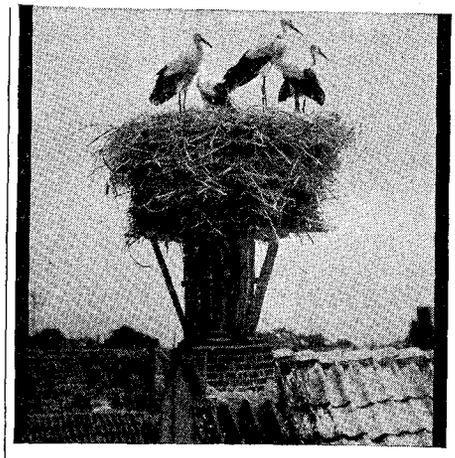
BAGDAD, at one time a stamping ground of Haroun al-Raschid, is to be made more accessible to tourists. Work has been started upon a survey for a Haifa-Bagdad, trans-desert railway — a means of communication which should largely solve travel difficulties in this portion of the Middle East. At the present time Bagdad may be reached by motor from Damascus and across Irak, and by train and boat from Basrah on the Persian Gulf. There is also a trail by train and automobile from Aleppo, but this is somewhat hazardous due to the necessity of motoring across the desert portion of the journey between Nisibin and Kirkuk. This latter segment of the trip, however, may soon be more adequately bridged by steam if present plans of the Irak Government Railways mature. It is significant that the Haifa-Bagdad line reopens the possibility of a trans-Arabian railway from Akaba to Koweit, thence across Persia to India.

HONOLULU SPRING

IT HAS long been the plaint of those compelled to take early vacations that "there is no place to go in April or May," and that special vacation rates in many instances do not apply until the first of June. It is therefore possible that two special tours which have been announced lately may solve the problem nicely. The cruises are from Los Angeles (on April fourth) or San Francisco (on May sixteenth) to Honolulu, and the boat is the *Malolo*. Within the prescribed limit of two weeks you may have four days in Hawaii and, on returning to the mainland, two days left in which to visit the coast cities. Of course those who live in the middle west or the east will have to expand this schedule to allow for time to reach California. The entire cost of the cruise — including the boat fare, hotel accommodations on the island, meals, and shore excursions — is slightly less than three hundred dollars.

TEL AVIV

ONE OF THE most interesting cities of the Near East is Tel Aviv, the new Jewish capital of the world. Situated near Jaffa in Palestine, the town now has a population of about fifty thousand Jews drawn from almost every quarter of the globe. The languages of these people and their press are either Hebrew or English. One observing traveler who returned from Tel Aviv has said: "After being buffeted about the world for two thousand years, Judaism has finally acquired a home of which it may well be



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Travel News

proud. The countryside for miles around is under intense cultivation. Arid districts are developing fruitful soil through scientific irrigation. Moslem herders of goats and camels gaze with somber eyes upon these developments. They seem rather resentful of the progress being made by these people who have so long held Palestine in joint tenure with them — yet are powerless to compete against the flood of francs, rubles, marks, dollars, and pounds sterling which are pouring into the city." Tel Aviv, even without a religious significance, may soon rank equally with Jerusalem as a tourist attraction.

SKIING IN JAPAN

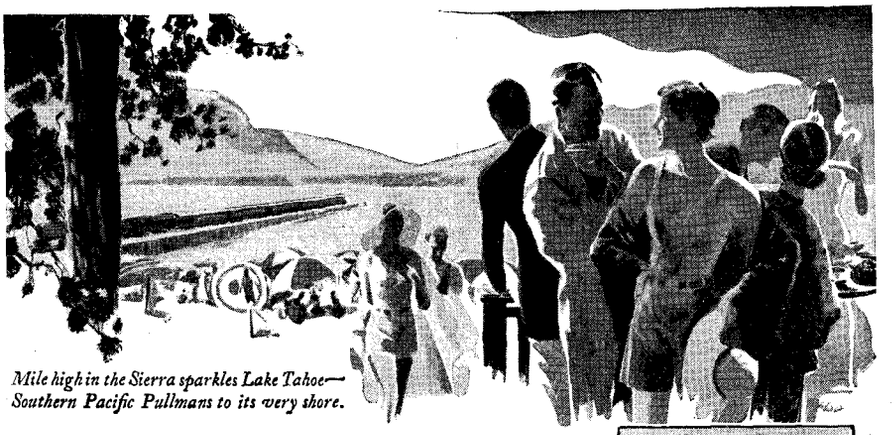
JAPAN is not only a land of cherry blossoms and miniature gardens. To her mountain regions in the winter comes considerable snow, and skiing has grown exceedingly popular, particularly on the larger island of Hondo. Clubs have been formed even as far north as Hokkaido and the Japanese are proving themselves adept in long-distance jumping and telemark turns. Many of the better skiing grounds must be reached by train, and the Japanese Government Railway has had to build special ski racks in its coaches. Most of the terminals and way stations on the steam and electric roads are crowded with winter sportsmen.

POST-LENTEN CRUISES

LAST MONTH we made note of the *Transylvania's* cruise to Bermuda, starting April third (Good Friday). On the same day the *Cameronia* will begin a similar nine-and-a-half day tour, and the *Caledonia* will head southward for Nassau and Havana, returning to New York also on Sunday, April twelfth.

SHAKESPEARE

THE DESTRUCTION of the Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon has not interrupted the continuity of the annual Shakespeare Festivals. They now take place in what was formerly a moving picture house, whose auditorium is extremely well-adapted for the purpose, having a large seating capacity and splendid acoustics. The Birthday Festival of 1931 will commence in April and last five weeks, and the Summer Festival will be held from July to September. A convenient service of trains allows those who are unable to stay for the entire repertoire (which usually consists of eight Shakespearean plays and one by Sheridan or some other classic dramatist) to leave London in the middle of the morning, lunch at Stratford, attend the matinée, and return to London in time for dinner. Evening performances are at eight.



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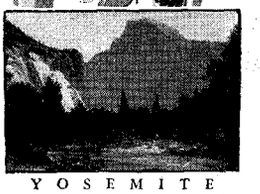

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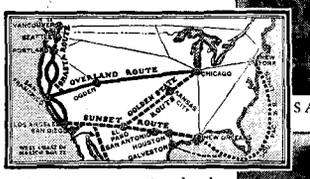
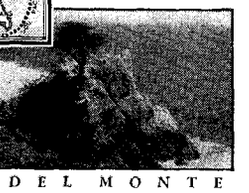


By going one way Overland returning Shasta Route you can include all the places pictured—and many more.



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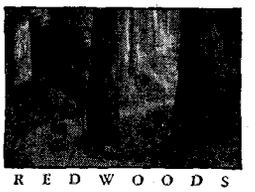

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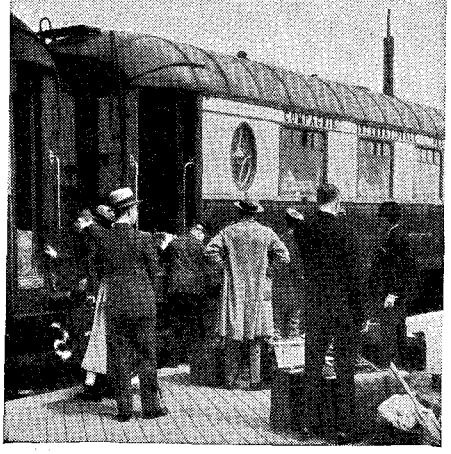

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

"Superiority Complex"

To the Editor:

Geoffrey Layman's article in the February FORUM is delightfully English, pitiably English, stupidly English. Back of it all stands smug Johnnie Bull — no longer complacent in his smug security, but worried; decidedly worried. From his little isle he glares at the "vulgarization" across the sea and raves over the former glories of Britain. The English fear that the old Empire is decaying, that a new country of young blood is replacing her — and they object to it. But their arguments are pretty weak.

Vulgarity and mass civilization! Those are the same old, standard, supercilious adjectives for America. We are "slipshod" and "superficial"; the English are one of the "cultivated" and "truly civilized" white races. Must one be a brilliant psychologist to detect a superiority complex?

H. E. FRENCH

Cambridge, Mass.

Inferiority Complex?

To the Editor:

I relished Mr. Layman's article exceedingly. I imagine almost any other foreigner feels like saying the same thing. We are so provincial-minded! I hope a whole lot of us Middle Westerners read the paper and take it to heart.

MRS. ELIDA BURTON

Chicago, Ill.

Touché!

To the Editor:

Mr. Layman speaks of America's butting into English governmental affairs. I suggest that he go back in history and read about England's interference in our Civil War.

FRED E. FRANKSON

Marinette, Wis.

Facts, Facts — All Facts!

To the Editor:

Geoffrey Layman's fair and impartial article is full of rich nuggets of truth that should give us pause. It is an unvarnished tale of facts, the import of which we Americans should receive with an open mind to the end that we may profit by comparison.

No doubt the piece will "harrow up the marrow and freeze the young blood" of his American critics, who will stress the fact that Mr. Layman's opinions or judgments were formed — as he himself admits — largely through press and magazine articles; and probably the radio and movies, all great mediums and reflectors of the people. However, we must admit that Mr. Layman deals with facts, just the same.

G. P. BIBLE

Bellefonte, Pa.

A Doctor's Wife Objects

To the Editor:

Having just read Alice Elinor's article, "The Patient's Dilemma," in your February issue, I feel that it deserves a few comments from someone on the other side of the fence. I have been the wife of a doctor — a specialist in gynecology and obstetrics — for many years and know intimately many physicians.

Alice Elinor says she has been a nurse. Let me say at the outset that the slight training in medicine and anatomy which nurses receive invariably gives them the feeling that they can thereby criticize and ridicule men who have given years of thought and labor to their work. A smattering of knowledge is indeed a dangerous plaything.

She states that she went to well-known physicians and not to quacks. On what does she base her choice of those at the top of the medical profession? On "a sturdy, golf-playing physician in a large medical building"! That is all she asks — sturdiness, sanity, and an imposing office; also, probably, that he have a large practice and that he charge exorbitant fees. Not a word as to his training — where, how, and when; whether, since his graduation, he has read medical literature; whether he has continued to attend lectures and clinics of medical leaders, or of the leaders in his particular field of practice. Nothing of this most important data does she trouble herself to find out.

If she had followed the above advice in selecting her obstetrician, there would be no "wreckage of motherhood" to repair at this late date.

MINNIE A. SHULMAN

Paterson, N. J.

And a Patient Agrees

To the Editor:

I admire your independence and courage in risking the displeasure of a powerful and oft tyrannical medical association in publishing "The Patient's Dilemma."

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Our Rostrum

I and no doubt thousands of others can testify to the same experience that Alice Elinor relates so impressively. The old method of diagnosis and administration of medicine is as much of a guess to-day as it was twenty-five years ago.

B. J. Rosewater

Eureka Springs, Ark.

Broadcasting a Bachache

To the Editor:

Yours is too fine a magazine to serve as a medium through which a woman broadcasts her backaches to all the world! Though Alice Elinor's paper is sincere, yet it is charged with the animosity of one whose hero-worship has turned to hero-derision. Though it may be an honest attempt at truth, it is the "truth" as felt emotionally. We all know that a patient cannot well diagnose his own case; in illness, especially, our emotions alter our judgment.

The fundamental harm of such an article is the false impression about doctors in general which it leaves. It insinuates either their stupidity or their deceit. It challenges their ability to make a diagnosis. But doctors admit that they sometimes make such mistakes. Though they can diagnose with almost one hundred per cent accuracy the common ailments, yet they will be in doubt about some unusual, hidden, internal trouble. This doubt and disagreement is due neither to stupidity nor deceit, but to the limitations of human knowledge — limitations which the profession is daily striving to overcome.

The author reiterates, mockingly, that doctors failed to cure her, but her case may belong to that category of ills which physicians cannot help, try as they may. But another theory suggests itself. Though her successful career stands out like the clean, starched uniform of a nurse, yet certain personality traits, like projecting ends of an untidy petticoat, give a clue to a probable diagnosis: her repeated denials of the charge of neurasthenia, the almost masterful description of the pains, the inordinate feeling of anxiety about the future, the frequent "shopping" from doctor to doctor, the illness as a means of martyrdom — though these singly may be present in a normal individual, collectively they constitute a diagnosis of a neurotic personality.

Jos. Fetterman, M.D.

Cleveland, O.

The Doctor Analyzes

To the Editor:

Bear with me while I take this means of laying before myself the merits and demerits of Alice Elinor's article. This is my interpretation.

A young woman of elementary professional training and undoubted literary attainments developed one of the thou-

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Our Rostrum

sand natural ills that the flesh is heir to and thereafter for many years sought diligently for diagnosis and cure. She found neither. Furthermore, people have died in hospitals through neglect, and the exception proves the rule. Therefore the medical profession is grossly at fault and something must be done about it.

Dear Editor — how does the exception prove the rule (I have never understood this good old adage), and what is the application here? That the son of Aesculapius has become a large and unmanageable child we freely admit, but must he be spanked and put in the closet for such stories as this? The — er — perturbed young woman with the undiagnosable pain is always with us. What shall we do with and for her? What, indeed, if we are denied the useful term "neurasthenia"?

But we must have literature, and pains help literature by their stimulating effect — witness Spinoza, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many others. . . . And, seriously, I feel that there is much literary merit in Mrs. Elinor's article.

Q. B. CORAY, M.D.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Public Health as a Preventive

To the Editor:

I want to utter a loud and hearty "Amen!" to Alice Elinor's criticisms. Not only have I had an experience very similar to hers, but I have also been in close contact with dozens of other women who have had to face the same sort of ignorance and indifference on the part of physicians.

There is, however, as I see it, one ray of hope — far off, as yet, but certain. The new public health movement bids fair to introduce enough competition to cause the medics to discard a few of their Galenic methods and take on those which a new area demands. Medicine has had too much of a corner on sickness, and the job has become too big for it. The ailments of women have been the easiest to neglect. Public health activities will, through public health nurses, social service workers, laboratories, and other such agencies, enable us to get a more exact picture of illnesses and their causes, and women will come in for their share of early and correct diagnoses.

In the meantime, let's have more public utterances from such intelligent women as Alice Elinor.

CLENNIE E. BAILEY

Muncie, Ind.

Souls for a Mess of Pottage

To the Editor:

If I understand Messrs. Foster and Catchings aright, [*see February Forum*], they propose that in order to have unending prosperity we must launch a "make more" campaign. Things, new things,

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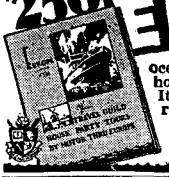

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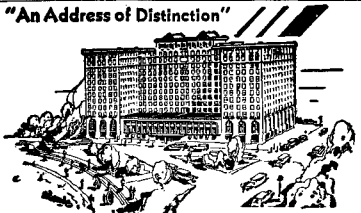

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Our Rostrum

newer things — all to keep the wheels of industry turning and to keep our purses filled.

Far be it from me to deny that a filled purse is indeed good company, but somehow my nature revolts at that idea of perpetually making more and more *things*. Life has quite a few other values beside material ones; and the more we surfeit ourselves with these ever-increasing things, the more we stultify our hopes and aspirations.

ALBERT PLEYDELL

Plainfield, N. J.

Marie Stopes' Views

To the Editor:

Dr. Marie Stopes, whose literary interests I represent in this country, has drawn my attention to Dr. Logan Clendening's paper, "Sex Madness," in the October FORUM. She very naturally feels considerable resentment at being accused of "advocacy of experimental promiscuity before marriage." The fact that Dr. Stopes' references to marriage are in books at present excluded from the Federal mails will no doubt account for much misrepresentation of the ideals for which this famous writer stands. She aims not at all at "reforming marriage," but at increasing the potentialities for happiness within the present orthodox legal monogamic marriage for life. Her views and teachings are, in fact, the exact opposite of those which Dr. Clendening attributes to her.

I am sure you will wish to remove a very unjust accusation against a great sociologist.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH

New York, N. Y.

Spanking the Young Idea

To the Editor:

I am sure thousands of your readers who are as yet unable to accept the jargon of the "child psychologist" and its inane, emasculating tenets will applaud most heartily the doctrine of the Old-Fashioned Spanking as set forth in your February number by Mr. Meyers. Saneness and wholesome common sense characterize every word of this able defense of an immemorial institution. Long life to Garry Meyers, and may many children call him blessed!

MELVIN B. GOODWIN

Clayton, N. J.

Spank Your Father!

To the Editor:

Spanking is doomed. It is as sure to go as was the absolute power of our fathers long years before it was consigned to the scrap heap of mistaken ideas. If parents refuse to see of their own accord the writing which is even now upon the wall, then the time will undoubtedly come when enlightened public opinion and courts of

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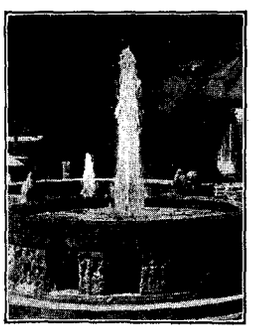

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Our Rostrum

law will show it to them. If children are people, they should not be spanked — not even on their bare rear ends by their parents' clean hands at their very own fireside.

MARTHA ROSS LEIGH
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Who's Stultified Now?

To the Editor:

Walter Lippmann's "The Underworld — A Stultified Conscience," in the February FORUM, substantiates his reputation as "a connoisseur of public affairs." It also proves that he himself possesses the kind of conscience about which he writes so convincingly. Not from his own observation only does he arrive at his conclusions, but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Mr. Lippman knows that bootlegging is having a demoralizing effect upon the country; that gang wars which grow out of it are prevalent in many large cities; that the devil has Uncle Sam on the defensive; that the American people "cannot much longer defy the devil with a wooden sword" — Mr. Lippman knows all this. How does he — as the editor of a great metropolitan paper, as a molder of public opinion — how does he measure up to the situation?

Thus: "I myself, for example, have no hesitation about breaking the prohibition law." "I would smuggle any book I wanted to read." "I would bet at a race track if I felt like it." In other words — the law and the public be damned!

Whatever a "stultified conscience" is, Mr. Lippman has it bad!

CHARLES BREVARD
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The Adams Family

To the Editor:

Sarah Adams' "From $25,000 to $2,000" leaves me comparatively cold. If she can and does write in the same vein *after* their noble experiment has been tried out, I shall be much more thoroughly convinced than I am now. At present she writes from the exalted point of view of a person who is giving up a luxury *voluntarily*. Furthermore, I gather that if the reality proves less pleasant than the prospect, it will be easy enough for her husband to get back his old job and their former affluence. I await with skeptical interest some word from Mrs. Adams about two years "after taking."

HAROLD H. YOST
Berkeley, Calif.

Profitable Martyrdom

To the Editor:

The man who fasts for dietary reasons may be rewarded with a sound stomach while he who is arbitrarily denied food for the same length of time may starve. The Adamses are both doing what they want to do; they feel they are getting the better value, and are not retrenching but are investing with the expectation of increased returns. Why is this a "noble experiment"? Why wave the little flag?

HARRIET WALLACE ASHBY
Tuscon, Ariz.

Chastity

To the Editor:

Readers of the specimen of "Basic English" (British, American, Scientific, International, Commercial) which Mr. C. K. Ogden offers in your February issue will note that among the 850 essential words to which he reduces our language, "chastity" is not included. The substituted periphrasis ("true married love") is hardly an adequate description even of one type of chastity, and does not so much as adumbrate the other. It may be that the concept of chastity was never scientific; certainly it was not commercial except as it enhanced the value of virgin brides. But your more conservative readers may be surprised at the implication that it is no longer either British, American, or international.

ELMER DAVIS
New York City

Think, Clown, Think!

To the Editor:

I've read nearly every one of your "What I Believe" articles — and it has been a priceless thing to find within such easy reach these crystallized convictions of a good many great minds and a great many good minds.

But at the age of twenty-five this battle-scarred correspondent must acknowledge that the stuff of life is — Fun. The permanent possession of a sharp sense of humor means much, because it's sure to sharpen all other senses. In the name of Fun, then — quite seriously in the name of Fun — won't you draft some of the better known of these profoundest of people into the "Living Philosophies" series? I suggest, just to be suggesting, Donald Ogden Stewart, Ring Lardner, John Riddell, Peter Arno — or any other of their hearty host.

FLORENCE HART
Chicago, Ill.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum has for some time been scouting for one of the hearty host to present the credo of the comic spirit. There is yet hope.*]

A Challenge to Chafee's Gang

To the Editor:

I am as dry as last summer was, but I don't mind saying that Mr. Chafee's article in the January FORUM was the best anti-prohibition talk I ever read. However, he made me bristle with his first sweeping statements — and you can tell

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Our Rostrum

him for me that when he says "Constitutional prohibition is done for," he and his gang have entirely overlooked *me and my gang.*

LUCY LEE RICE

Pamplin, Va.

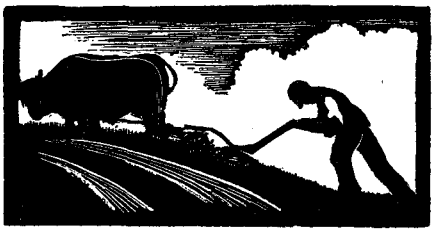
Is He Right or Wrong?

To the Editor:

As long as your periodical was the same size and shape as the *Atlantic*, I reveled in it. When it changed its shape, became thinner, and put gaudy decorations and initial letterings in, to say nothing of the most intolerable of all species — the "Socratic Dialogues" — THE FORUM lost all its charm for me. It sacrificed dignity for "pep."

EDGAR L. PENNINGTON

Ocala, Fla.



Back to Nature for $1500

To the Editor:

Last Saturday evening I was talking to the owner of the local sawmill in a village two miles from us. We were discussing labor conditions, and I was saying that people from the cities ought to come and settle up here, build pleasant, simple houses, learn to live out of doors, and exchange Broadway's white lights for sunsets.

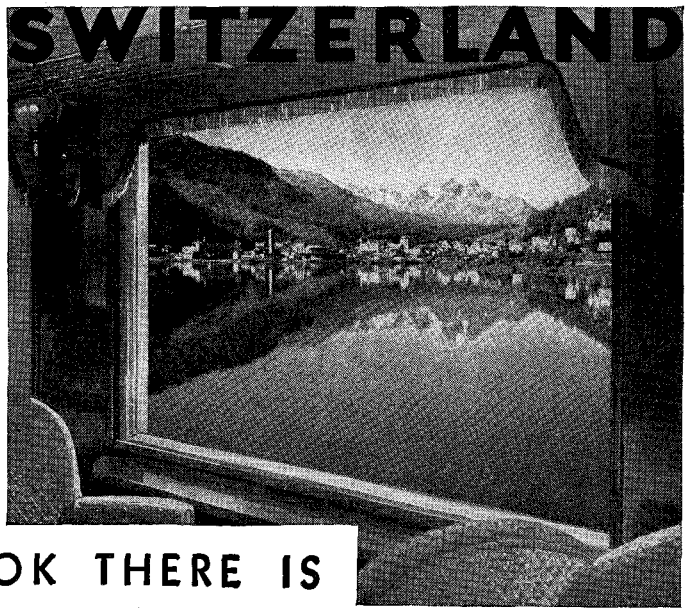
He said it would mean everything for the country if people would come; not wealthy people necessarily, but rather those of small means, but who had enough to enable them to start a new simple life with security.

He then added something that greatly surprised me, for I know him to be a cautious man. He said: "I have offered the Supervisors sites for four cottages free, which they can give to anyone who seems the right sort; my only stipulation is that they shall not build any cottages that would cost less than $1500."

This seems to me a very fair offer. It was after this conversation, and of course after I had been absorbing for months the beauty and grandeur of this country, that I read the ominous words of the speakers in the dialogue, "Dark Days Ahead." So I submit that it is a feasible suggestion for some of these distressed "white-collar" unemployed, with their healthy families, to renew the days of the pioneers in a very mild and comfortable manner.

VIDA MILHOLLAND

Wadhams, N. Y.



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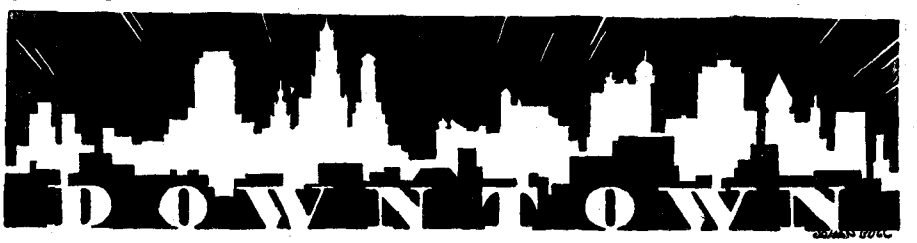

Let's Cancel the War Debts

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

"CANCELLATION or reduction of the inter-allied debts has been increasingly discussed throughout the world," said Albert H. Wiggin, Chairman of the Governing Board of the Chase National Bank of New York, at the annual meeting of stockholders of the bank last January. "This question has an importance far beyond the dollar magnitude of the debts involved," he continued. "Without commenting on the many arguments on both sides of the controversy and aside from the question of the justice of cancellation, I am firmly convinced that it would be good business for our Government to initiate a reduction in these debts at this time."

These remarks followed a brief discussion of the adverse factors affecting business at present, among which Mr. Wiggin considered the inability of foreign Governments to obtain dollars in sufficient amount both to make interest and amortization payments on their debts, and to buy our exports in adequate volume. On this topic were centered the public comments of international bankers at the annual meetings of banks both in this country and in England. The subject has been forced to the front once more, after a period of quiescence of several years, as a result of the world-wide economic depression. The problem of the war debts is one that appears to be fundamental now, when bankers and business men are soberly studying and analyzing all the factors contributing to the depression in business, with a view to finding the way to relief.

Most casual observers are inclined to dismiss the subject of cancellation of war debts with a shrug of the shoulders and a reminder of what former President Coolidge once said about the matter, to wit: "Well, they hired the money, didn't they?" And that is the plain legal fact of the matter. Most of the Allied Nations that borrowed from the United States during the war, in order to bring the conflict to a successful conclusion, "hired" the money. They have acknowledged the debt, and have arranged a basis for redemption of the debt over a period of years. But the question is not one of the legality of the debts. It is a plain question of expediency: Would it not be better business for us to cancel the debts?

We may approach this question from the standpoint of protecting our own interests first, selfishly if you please. And we may find that there is a great deal to be said in favor of cancellation from the plain standpoint of money in the pocket for the business man, industrialist, farmer, and even the taxpayer. At any rate let us examine the proposition.

ISOLATION IMPOSSIBLE

FIRST we might do well to consider that a policy of isolation from external affairs of the world is practically impossible for this country, now that the United States has emerged from the position of a debtor nation to that of a creditor nation. We have loaned large sums of money abroad, both privately and through the United States Treasury. We are not self-sufficient commercially. Last year we shipped $3,800,000,000 worth of our products abroad and in 1929, when business was good, we shipped over $5,240,000,000 worth. At the same time we received $3,061,000,000 of goods from foreign countries in 1930 and in 1929 our receipts from abroad ran up to $4,400,000,000. Now it is essential that both the credit which we have loaned abroad and the goods which we have shipped abroad on balance shall be paid for when due. As the above figures indicate, our shipments abroad in each of the past two years were about $800,000,000 more than what we received from abroad. Our foreign customers must find some way of settling for that balance. No customer, whether individual or nation, can continue indefinitely to buy more than he can sell without exhausting his resources.

It happens that most of the large nations with whom we do business are also debtors to American investors or the United States Government and payments upon the interest of those debts and partial payment of the principal must be made annually. The balance of those payments, which are classed with the "invisible exports," can only be settled in three ways. They must be paid in gold, in credit, or in goods. During the war we took a large share of the sums due us in gold, a situation which has persisted for years since the war, until now we have the largest share of the world's available stock of monetary gold. Further settlement of large international balances in gold is impractical. Some nations, notably England, have had their gold reserves drawn down to less than a normal working basis for banking purposes and further payments in gold are likely to be restricted.

We may accept the balance of payments for our exports in credit, to be sure. But we have already taken foreign obligations to the extent of $17,500,000,000 and nations having an adverse trade balance with the United States cannot go on indefinitely paying in credit. Credit, after all, is merely a deferred payment in goods. It all boils down to the plain fact that we must look to payment in goods for the balance of our future sales abroad. And not only that, but we must expect to receive also in goods interest payment and payments on account of amortization of debts due. In other words, then, if we are to collect for sums due us from abroad we must anticipate a period of years of adverse trade balance. That is to say, we must expect to see a long period in which our exports of merchandise will be less than our imports.

This constitutes a radical departure from our traditional trade tendencies, but it is one of the consequences of being a creditor nation. It need not necessarily prove a depressing influence on domestic business. For years prior to the war England ran an unfavorable merchandise trade balance and prospered under it. The excess of merchandise imports into England each year was balanced by receipts in the shape of invisible exports. Large sums were remitted to English investors as interest on loans abroad. British shipping companies, banking concerns, and insurance companies were receiving payments for services rendered to the world and in these and other services the balance of payments was effected.

TARIFF BLOCKS PAYMENTS

THAT IS substantially the situation that faces the United States at this time. We have seen that international balances must be paid in goods. Now consider the fact that the tariff policy of this country is one of protection for our industries. In effect a high tariff wall is being erected to prevent foreign competition. The inconsistency of our position is that we are demanding payment in goods and closing the door to acceptance of those goods. Now not all of the goods that we import from abroad compete with American industry and the products of American labor. Under normal conditions we import such raw materials as coffee, rubber, sugar, petroleum, and other raw materials of which we either produce very little, or else produce insufficient for our own requirements. Our tariff policy is directed rather against imports of goods which compete with American products, and about 20 per cent of what we import comprises such manufactures. Free trade in

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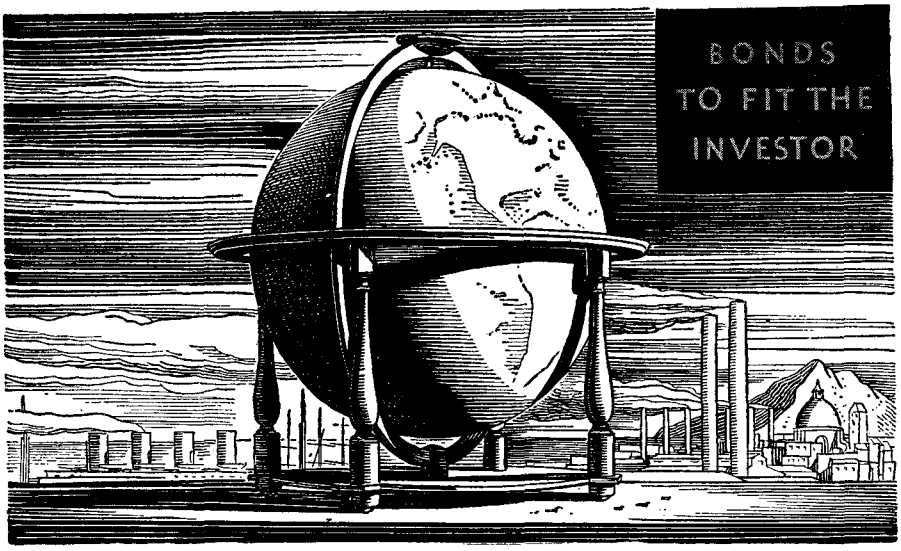
such items might prove disastrous to American manufactories and anything that tended to drive such producers out of business might be fatal to our safety in time of war. But there the problem stands: either accept payment in goods, or run the risk of not accepting payment at all.

This, then, is what has brought the entire issue of international debts to the front again. Our industries are stifled by the world-wide economic depression and yet our people are substantially insisting on payment of interest on sums loaned abroad in the form of goods. Paul M. Warburg, former member of the Federal Reserve Board, and now one of the outstanding figures in American finance, declared recently: "Is it not to be hoped that even the blindest among us may now begin to see that our prosperity is interlocked with that of our neighbors and customers, and that it would be more profitable for us to be generous to them than to press our advantage to the point of undermining their stability? Is it not as plain as day that America, the biggest seller of goods amongst the nations of the world, cannot maim the buying power of Europe, the largest purchasing unit, without hurting herself?" Erecting a tariff wall, forcing them to find money to square their debts rather than paying in goods, is it any wonder that Europe's purchasing power broke down?

U. S. MONOPOLIZING GOLD

OUR FOREIGN investments take two broad forms: first, the $11,678,000,000 that is owing the United States Government, mainly accrued during the war. Second, the $17,500,000,000 odd of private advances, mostly made during the post-war reconstruction period in order to enable Europe to get upon her feet again. To orient this debt, let us consider that this $11,700,000,000 of so-called Allied debt is being paid in combined installments of principal and interest in the amount of about $250,000,000 per annum, running for a term of sixty-two years in most instances. This annual tribute is a comparatively small sum when set beside the total public debt of the United States of about $16,000,000,000, and is an item equivalent to about one-twelfth of our total Federal tax receipts each year. It is a sum equivalent to about one-tenth of our income tax receipts and is only about half of the amount by which we have reduced our own debt annually in the past four or five years. To cancel these debts in their entirety would require only a little slower policy with respect to our debt redemption in order to make its pressure invisible upon the United States tax burden.

Now let us examine the contrast with our principal creditor abroad, England. The total national debt of the United Kingdom is equivalent to about $36,600,-



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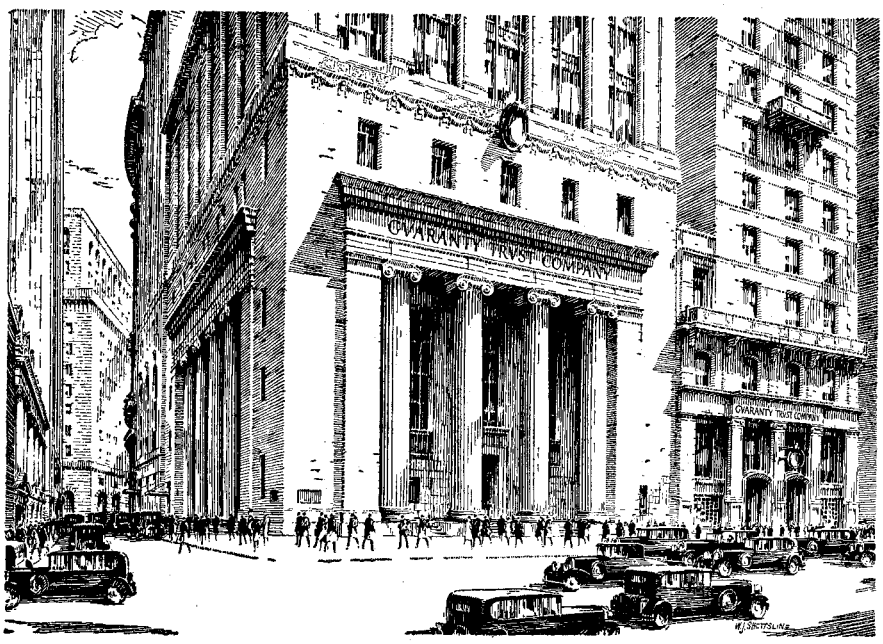

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000,000, or 2 ¼ times that of the United States. The total national wealth of England is about $90,225,000,000, or less than one-quarter that of the United States. For service of the national debt England pays $1,750,000,000 a year, about one-tenth of which is to the United States Government. One cannot question that the burden of this payment is terrific. Nor can we wonder that doubt is expressed as to whether England can continue to maintain gold payments. That England came through the war and acknowledged her debts and made arrangements to pay them on the nail is to her everlasting credit. This honorable code contrasts strikingly with the inflation of the franc in France, in the course of which the franc was scaled down from its original par value of about 19 cents to less than 4 cents. The effect of this financial hocus-pocus was to deprive the holder of internal French bonds of about 80 per cent of his investment. It also contrasts strikingly with the policy of inflation in Germany, which had the effect of depriving the owner of the original German Government bonds of practically all of his equity.

This, then, is what has contributed to the widespread resurrection of the debt cancellation question. Said F. C. Goodenough, chairman of Barclay's Bank, Ltd., at the shareholders' meeting in London last January: "It is that portion of the indebtedness of the world to America, for which payment will not be accepted in goods or securities, which is causing the flow of gold to that country. It is making it more difficult to operate upon a gold standard. And the maldistribution of gold is a contributory factor to the present trade depression. . . . If, with the existing stock of gold, the proportion of the international debt which is settled in goods, services, and securities, should decline appreciably the gold standard would be imperilled. If this should happen much of the good that has been done towards improving world conditions within the last ten years would be lost. . . . If America should cancel the war debts due to her, the gain, as an exporting country, through having solvent customers for her goods and through the increase of their purchasing power, would be immense."

And that is what we referred to when we said that the American business man, industrialist, farmer, and even taxpayer, would benefit. This is the same issue that was raised ten years ago. During the decade we have financed an excess of merchandise exports by lending billions abroad. Now our foreign customers are just where they were in 1921, with the additional problem of meeting the interest and principle on sums loaned meanwhile.

[*For the other side of the debt question, see page 200: "The War Debts," by James Truslow Adams* — ED.]

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

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CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

A PORTFOLIO OF INDUSTRIES. The history and earnings of some of the representative companies in basic industries in which Continental Shares is a substantial stockholder; also complete classified list of securities owned by Continental Shares. Copy upon request. Continental Shares, Inc., Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

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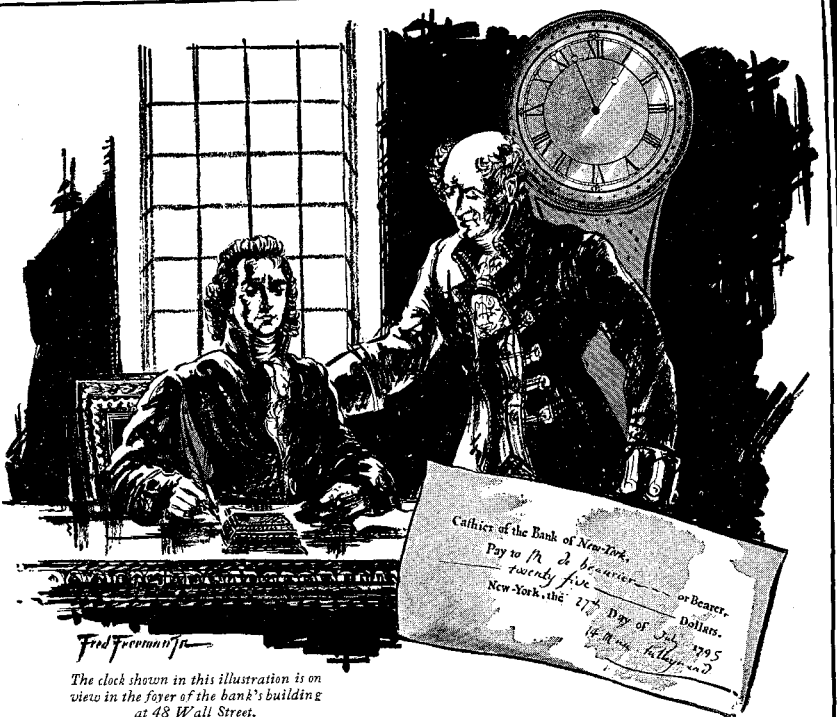
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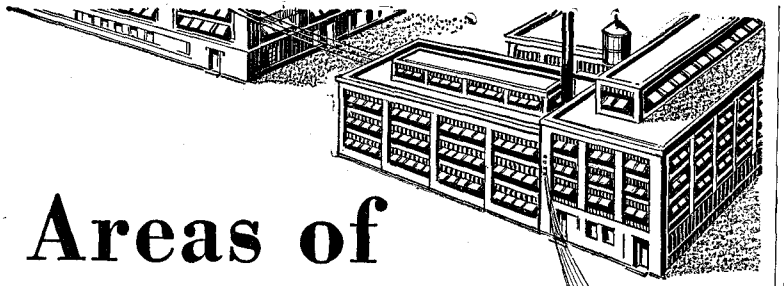

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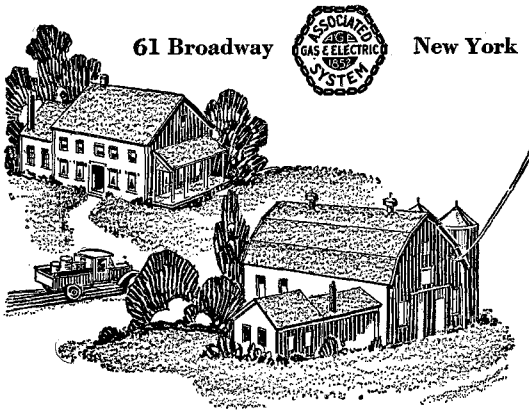

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THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

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TOASTS

As a member of the Wickersham Commission, Henry W. Anderson has spent a great deal of time studying the problem of liquor control both in this country and abroad. Colonel Anderson, who is a lawyer, was endorsed by the Republican State Committee of Virginia, in 1920, for the vice-presidency of the United States, and in 1922 and 1923 was a special assistant to the Attorney General. During the World War, Colonel Anderson was associated with relief measures, and for some time was in charge of the Red Cross work in the Balkan States.

Ivan Bratt

Dr. Ivan Bratt is the originator of the "Stockholm" or "Bratt" system for the control of alcoholic beverages which succeeded in making Sweden a temperate country. As a physician, Dr. Bratt realized that ten per cent of the people crave alcohol — and are determined to get it. Conditions being imperfect under the former system of control, Dr. Bratt evolved the plan which he describes in this issue. He managed the System until it was perfected — and then stepped out to take a commercial position. Now he is in charge of the Paris office of the SKF Ball Bearing Company.

Because of his frequent contributions to The Forum, James Truslow Adams needs no introduction. His most recent book, *The Adams Family*, is a national best seller, and at last reports was somewhere along in its seventieth thousand.

Sherwood Anderson writes from Marion, Virginia: "I am fighting off the blues brought on by the crumbling of civilization, by helping to edit two country weeklies. (My son does the real work). In addition to this, I am running about to industrial towns and peeping in at the doors of factories. They have become the most fascinating places in life to me. I refuse to go further about myself. At my age it would not be decent." For those who are interested in seeing what Mr. Anderson uses in his country weeklies, *Hello, Towns*, published a year or so ago, gives excellent examples and makes very delightful reading.

Lawrence H. Conrad is a college professor during the day, a novelist in the evening, and an essayist late at night. His essays are literary, his novels industrial, and his professorship quite, quite serious. Formerly a teacher at the University of Michigan, Mr. Conrad is now at the State Teachers College at Montclair.

S. McClatchie's passport says that he is an electrical engineer, but he has never studied engineering. However, he is the author of some fifty patents in the electrical field, all of which have been sold. Most of the past ten years Mr. McClatchie has spent in Germany, which he likes because it is less civilized and more cultured than America. Although he did not speak German when he went there, he has learned to speak, think, and dream in German and feels more at home there than in any part of the United States except California — yet his antecedents are purely American and Scotch. He writes: "Life holds for me two great thrills: to cross the German border with the feeling 'God! isn't it wonderful to get back home again,' and to steam into New York harbor with the sensation 'Isn't it great to get back to the United States!'" In 1910 Mr. McClatchie started the first radio manufacturing concern on the Pacific Coast. In 1925 he conveyed a recorded program of Christmas Greetings from Germany to the Americans, which included speeches by Stresemann, Eckener, and Reichstags-President Loebe, as well as songs by members of the Berlin Opera Company. At present he is staying in Newark, New Jersey.

Sherwood Anderson

For thirty years Stephen Leacock has been teaching economics at McGill University in Montreal. He says that nothing ever happens to him, and nothing is going to — except once. If the "once" he refers to is what we are afraid he means, we hope it is a long way off. Mr. Leacock's humor, widely known through *Nonsense Novels*, *Literary Lapses*, and others of his inimitable books, would be hard to do without.

Gertrude Mack has lived in or near New York City for seventeen years, and it is of New York's suburban life that she writes. Whether the pace is as fast in other suburbs she does not know, but she is inclined to think her experience typical of many in similar circumstances all over the country. She insists she has been so wrapped up in the daily cares of raising a family that nothing unusual has ever happened to her — except The Crash.

Under the auspices of the University Council for Religious Study, Irwin Edman is taking a year's leave of absence from Columbia. He is trying to bring to bear the point of view of a contemporary philosopher on the work, life, and character of St. Paul, on which theme he is to give the Schermerhorn Lectures at Columbia next fall. Mr. Edman spent last fall at Oxford, liking everything but the English climate and the slings and arrows of English food. During the winter he has been in Rome, and plans to spend the spring exploring Paul's own territory in the Near East, going to Antioch, Jerusalem, Damascus, and Egypt. Some time within the next few months, a new book of essays by Mr. Edman, *The Soul of Man Under Modernism*, will be published. His last was *Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars.*

Richard F. Warner is a Bostonian who has been engaged in newspaper work for nearly fifteen years. His first work was in Springfield, Massachusetts, and since then he has been on papers in Waterbury and Cleveland, as well as on the Boston *Herald* and *Transcript*. During the last five years Mr. Warner has been with the New York *Evening Post*, where he specializes in city and state politics.

As far as nationality goes, Doris Peel says she is a complete mongrel: Irish, Scotch, French, and English. She was born in England and educated haphazardly — and on her part most lightheartedly — at a variety of schools in this country and abroad. Now she and her family have settled in Brookline, Massachusetts, with, as the sole survivals of their original home, a cherished tea service, battered books, and some very bad watercolors — "Painted," says Miss Peel, "by a certain Mr. Potts, a friend of our parents, who later Drank Himself to Death." At nineteen, Miss Peel published her first novel, *Children of the Wind.*

Harvey N. Davis, who has been President of Stevens Institute of Technology since 1928, says that once a press agent got it into his head that he — Dr. Davis — was a distinguished economist, and he has been trying to live up to that reputation ever since. His training has been in science; first pure physics, then mechanical engineering, and now engineering education.

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